

DIDS BUR Y PIONEER

VOL. XIV

DIDS BUR Y, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16th, 1916

No. 38

J. V. BERSCHT'S 13th Anniversary Sale

Begins next Saturday, August 19th and
closes Saturday, September 2nd

Clear The Decks For Action
Man The Guns—Full Steam Ahead
Clear The Stocks

That is the order we have given, commencing Saturday morning at 8 o'clock

Our Entire Stock

of high-grade reliable Clothing, Shoes, Hats and furnishings are offered for this Thirteen Days Sale, right in the very heart of the season,—right when you need the goods most—at enormous price reductions. You can lay in a supply of goods to meet your future needs and save from 25 to 40 per cent on your purchases.

Space does not permit us to quote prices here but we will guarantee that every article in the store is marked down. Buy right now while the profits are all yours.

J. V. Berscht

Store closed all day Friday, August 18th, to arrange stock and mark down regular prices

Adams & Huntinger

Butchers

Dealers in all kinds of Fresh
and Cured Meats

We Pay Cash for Poultry, Butter,
Eggs and Hides

LEUSZLER BLOCK

Phone 127

THE Royal Bank of Canada

Incorporated 1869

HEAD OFFICE	MONTREAL
CAPITAL PAID UP	\$ 11,800,000
RESERVE FUND	\$ 13,286,000
TOTAL ASSETS	\$234,000,000

GRAIN CHECKS CASHED

We Advance Money on Storage Tickets and Bills of Lading
for Cars of Grain and all Stock Transactions

Special attention given to farmers' sale notes and money advanced

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest paid on deposits at highest current rates. All banking
business given prompt attention.

J. W. DORAN, Manager Didsbury Branch

Advertisements in the Pioneer
are silent salesmen

\$5.00 Reward

For information leading to the discovery of the boys who recently broke into the Didsbury High School and destroyed property. Numerous complaints have been received by the School Board regarding trespassing and destruction on school grounds and school garden. The Board would point out to parents that destruction of garden plots is very discouraging to pupils taking an interest in these plots, and would ask their cooperation in protecting school property and garden. By order,

SCHOOL BOARD.

Moved by Councillor T. E. Smith that the matter of establishing a Municipal Hospital be laid over for further consideration. Carried.

Moved by Councillor Smith that the Secretary write the Superintendent of the C. P. R. asking them to repair crossing between sections 9 and 16, 33-1-5. Carried.

A number of accounts and labor pay sheets were passed and ordered paid.

Moved by Councillor Wm. Rupp that this meeting do now adjourn to meet at Didsbury on Saturday, September 2nd, 1916. Carried.

The Fair

There is only another four weeks before the Annual Didsbury Exhibition of Live Stock, Poultry, Grains, Roots, etc., takes place and there is no reason why there should not be an excellent showing this year.

Arrangements have been made for the 182nd Regimental Band to be present at the Fair consequently there will be lots of good music.

A look over the prize list which was issued some time ago will show that generous prizes are being given, and the officers of the Agricultural Society are doing everything in their power to encourage the farming community to make this a farmers exhibition—an exhibition that will show what the farmer is doing in a district that is essentially a splendid mixed farming district—so it is your fair and you should support it and make it worth while not alone for the monetary value you may receive from it but also to show others what you are doing as well as to educate the younger generation.

Another way to help the Society is by becoming a member which will only cost you \$1.00 and which gives you certain privileges you do not otherwise get. The stronger the society in membership the more successful will be our annual exhibition and it is up to the community to come out and support this excellent organization.

For any further information you should see Mr. Parker Reed the Secretary-Treasurer or the President, Mr. Wm. Rupp.

Mountain View Municipal Meeting

Minutes of the meeting of the Council of the Rural Municipality of Mountain View No. 310 held at Didsbury on Saturday, August 5th, 1916.

Members present Reeve McCuen, Councillors Flinn, Smith, Metz and Rupp. Absent, Councillor Pearson.

The Reeve called the meeting to order at 11 a.m.

The minutes of the meeting held on Saturday, July 8th, 1916, were read and adopted on motion of Councillor T. E. Smith.

A delegation composed of Dr. N. Clarke, Reeve of Westerdale Municipality and H. E. Osmond then interviewed the Council as regards establishing a municipal hospital.

Moved by Councillor T. E. Smith that the matter be laid over until after lunch. Carried.

Moved by Councillor Flinn that this Council adjourn for lunch to meet again at 2 p.m. Carried.

The Council called to order at 2.30 p.m.

Moved by Councillor T. E. Smith that the matter of establishing a Municipal Hospital be laid over for further consideration. Carried.

Moved by Councillor Smith that the Secretary write the Superintendent of the C. P. R. asking them to repair crossing between sections 9 and 16, 33-1-5. Carried.

A number of accounts and labor pay sheets were passed and ordered paid.

Moved by Councillor Wm. Rupp that this meeting do now adjourn to meet at Didsbury on Saturday, September 2nd, 1916. Carried.

AROUND THE TOWN

Miss Lily Rupp returned on Tuesday from a visit to Stettler.

Miss Marie Chambers who has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. McClaine, at Spokane returned on Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Finkbeiner, of W. G. Liesemer's hardware, returned on Saturday from a few days holidays at Banff.

The Misses Williams, of Calgary are visiting with their father Mr. Frank Williams of the firm of Williams & Little.

Mr. Zimmerman, the genial head clerk at Williams & Little's store, is spending a week's holidays at Calgary.

Miss Violet McKnight of Killarney, Man., is visiting with Mrs. Archie Watt and Miss Dora Acton.

The Misses Florence Morrison, Pearl McNanghton and Edith Hardy will have charge of the Red Cross tea rooms on Friday afternoon.

The manager of the Opera House wishes to announce that a good Broadway feature will be given in the hall on Saturday night.

The Tipperary Club will meet at the Red Cross rooms on Wednesday evening, August 23rd. Miss Eva Sexsmith and Miss Emily Moyle will supply refreshments.

Children's Day will be observed in the Evangelical church next Sunday. The programme, consisting of recitations, dialogues, and special music, will be rendered at 2 p.m. The pastor will preach a young people's sermon in the evening at 7.30 p.m. U R invited to attend.

Mr. Shenfield, of Bowden, government road engineer, was in town on Tuesday afternoon and while here gave some valuable assistance and suggestions as to draining roads on the east side of the track which have been bothering the council for some time because of poor drainage.

Rev. C. H. Huestis, D.D., Red Deer, Secretary Lord's Day Alliance for Alberta, will hold a union meeting in the interests of the Lord's Day Alliance, and will deliver a lecture on the subject: "The war and National Ideals," on Thursday evening, August 24th, at 8 o'clock, in the Evangelical church. A collection will be taken in the interest of the Lord's Day Alliance. No one should fail to hear this lecture.

Notice to Farmers

Until further notice I will pay the following prices for milk and cream:

Milk, per lb. butterfat 42c
Sweet Cream, per lb. butterfat 32c
No. 1 Churning " " 30c

R. LeBLANC,
Clover Hill Creamery

New Subscriptions to Patriotic Fund

Previously acknowledged... \$1,819.45

Red Cross Fund

Previously Acknowledged.... \$832.45

Belgian Relief Fund

Previously acknowledged.... \$449.12

BUSINESS LOCALS

5C A LINE IN ADVANCE IN THIS COLUMN

THE OLD RELIABLE Dr. Mecklenburg, graduate optician. 32 years experience, 12 years in Alberta. Will personally be in Olds on Friday, August 18th. No agents nor partners. Beware of imposters.

FARMERS—GRAIN SHIPPIERS!

Consign your grain to us, or we will buy it on track.

Consign to any terminal elevator.

MAKE BILL OF LADING READ—Notify.

WESTERN GRAIN CO.,

EDMONTON, ALTA.
Liberal advances made against Bill of Lading.

RYE A SPECIALTY. Write for shipping instructions—Licensed—bonded. Correspondence solicited.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Give Your Wife an Interest

in the family's financial progress by opening a Joint Account in the Union Bank of Canada, in her name and your own.

You will find it a very convenient arrangement, for then either can attend to the banking when in town, making deposits or withdrawing money. In case of death, the balance automatically goes to the survivor.

DIDS BUR Y BRANCH
T. W. Cuncannon, Manager
Carstairs Branch—J. B. Wilson, Mgr.

W. S. Durrer

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

Residence Opposite Fire Hall

PHONE 15

DIDS BUR Y, ALTA.

The following articles made by the Didsbury Women's Institute, Springside Patriotic Circle and Didsbury workers, were shipped to Calgary by the local Red Cross Society last Friday: 23 surgicals; 2 service shirts; 144 T bandages; 44 straight bandages; 144 triangular bandages; 12 service handkerchiefs; 1 nurses apron; 18 suits pyjamas; 18 pair socks; 6 pair socks donated by Mrs. H. B. Fisher.

(Continued on last page)

PROSPECTS OF TRADE RELATIONS CAUSING GERMANY MUCH CONCERN

FINDING THAT TRADE IS BASED ON FRIENDSHIP

Germany Will Have to Learn Through Bitter Experience That Between Nations, as Well as Individuals, Trade is Destroyed by Inhuman Motives and Lawlessness

Germany is now finding out that a nation's strength is not in the length of its unsheathed sword, but in the range and stability of its people's trade. And even before the first fruits of Germany's harvests of war-hate are reaped, the German people, to their sorrow and irreparable loss, are being plainly taught that the basis of trade with the people of other countries is not arrogant and insolent Will-to-Power, but the honest and much-despised Will-to-Serve.

Prince von Buelow, in his new volume on "German Policies," issued the other day in Berlin, is spokesman for this new lesson in Germany's sad school of experience. This former German chancellor, in an accent almost of pathos, urges the seriousness of the economic situation which faces the German empire as a result of enemies and antipathies engendered by the war. That situation will grow yet more and more serious. It is Germany's real peril after the war. To guard against it von Buelow declares that it is of the utmost importance.

"To retain, to restore, and to strengthen connections with those States with which Germany did not cross swords, irrespective of whether the propaganda of the enemy press and enemy agitators influenced the feelings of the people against us during the war. Here political necessities must disregard national likes and dislikes, even though they be justified."

This informed student of Germany's trade situation is not misled, as others of his countrymen have been misled, by what dazzles lesser minds. Their hopes are based on a Zollverein of Middle-Europe, a great and continuous area of trade from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, and comprising, all told, "Germany, Austria, Serbia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Asia Minor, and Syria." Every German economist knows that with only those markets German industries would not work half-time, Germany's sea-borne trade would languish, and the German fleet, which must be carried on the shoulders of her merchant shipping, would become water-logged. All of Germany's allies are, at best, countries of low wage-rate, and a Zollverein so composed would be, so far as economic trade is concerned, little more than an agreement to "take in one another's washing."

And over against such a Middle-Europe enclave there will stand the great trading countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, that have sealed with the blood of their free citizens their covenant of war, a covenant which will hold against the unrepentant and uncivilized Teuton traitor in the coming days of peace. Britain, the British Dominions and all the British Empire, with Russia, and France and Italy and Japan and, sympathetically, China—these are the countries that have learned to their cost the depth of Germany's treachery, and they will not let the serpent strike them twice. Caught once unprepared for war, they will not be caught unprepared for peace.

And what hope can there be for Germany in any compensating trade with the very few neutral countries, especially with a democracy like the United States, whose every principle of liberty Germany has mocked at, and whose prosperity during these war times has been dependent on Britain and the Allies, and in spite of Germany and her proposed Zollverein? With the United States leading for a League to Enforce Peace, and for substituting commercial boycott for war against any nation that violates the world's peace, von Buelow's schemes "to retain, to restore, or to strengthen connections" will not greatly avail; especially will those "schemes" miscarry when all the advantages of American trade are with those trading nations that have held the world's economic liberty against the military despots who would sacrifice everything for Germany's world domination.

Germany must learn, and learn through bitter but wholesome experience, that trade's ideal world is a neighborhood and not a jungle, and that between nations, as between individuals, profitable trade is based on the good will of a friend and is destroyed by the lawlessness of a cut-throat.—Toronto Star.

Gen. Smuts Praises Canadians.

A despatch from Gen. Smuts, commanding the British and African forces invading German East Africa, concerning operations in that war theatre, mentions among others the following officers:

Lieut.-Col. R. K. Scott, formerly of the Canadian Militia, now in the ordnance department of the Imperial service; Capt. H. T. Skinner, formerly of Kingston, now in the Indian army (Capt. Skinner was wounded in April); Capt. L. C. Sweeny, formerly of the Canadian Militia, now in the Indian army, and who was recently awarded the Military Cross; and Lieut.-Col. C. U. Price, formerly a field officer in the Canadian Militia.

What a Sea Fight Means

The Supreme Glory of the British Navy That Men Place Duty Always Before Personal Safety

What is the real character of a battle at sea under modern conditions? Wilson Young, in an article in the London Times, helps us to understand. "It is more ringed with terror than any other human experience. Each man commits himself with a thousand others, to a vulnerable shell, and launches it into an arena sheeted and bolted with flame and conflagration. He can do nothing for his own safety, but only for the common purpose." If his ship is mortally wounded, he passes not to a hospital or dressing station, but into the cold sea, where also disappears patients and surgeons in the very act of operating.

Knowing this, he must go on doing quietly and coolly the exact work for which he has been trained—work, perhaps, such as other men do in the calm of a chemical laboratory. He may have to perform the most delicate scientific operations with the utmost care, conscious that he has only a minute or two to live in this world. Mr. Young says:

"It is the supreme glory of the British navy—sometimes I think the supreme achievements of the British race—that thousands and thousands of men are always ready to do this as a matter of course; do it easily, desire to do it. There is no one to whom life is sweeter than to the average sailor, whose mental habit is to be always looking forward to pleasure; and there is no one who can so utterly put aside the pre-occupation of safety and lose himself in his immediate duty. How else, indeed, would such events as Beatty's single-handed fight with the German battle fleet be possible? If men thought of themselves in such a situation, their demoralization would be indescribable, and the names Queen Mary, Invincible, and Indefatigable would be names of terror. Instead of which it is the high morale which is indescribable, and these names are names of glory."

There are some consolations, which do not detract from the glory. The care of the wounded and their sufferings are not much heard of in a modern sea fight. Every action is a matter of life or death. The mass of those who die, die at once. Their mortal remains sink into the great salt, sanitary sea, as their souls are launched upon the unknown seas of eternity.—Toronto Star.

Pig Clubs and Bank Deposits

American Bankers Are Helping to Finance Hog Breeders

Bankers in many states are realizing the value of pig club work as a means of improving rural conditions, according to club agents of the United States department of agriculture. Not a few of the bankers have made it possible for worthy club members to secure pigs on their personal notes.

In this way a well-bred pig is secured, and the member can pay for it from the proceeds of the pig as a meat animal or from the sale of offspring in the case of a breeding animal. The member enters into a business agreement with the banker.

This apparent generosity on the part of bankers is in many cases business acumen. A case in point is that of a Texas bank, whose president placed 326 pigs among pig club members of his country. As a result of the acquaintance made in securing and placing these pigs, many new patrons were secured. These patrons brought in more than \$75,000 in individual deposits. This was profitable business for the bank. The boys whom he has helped to get started in the hog business are now on their feet financially and before many years they will be making big shipments of hogs to market each year. The money received from the sale of hogs will be expended in further developing the country. Every merchant in the county will profit, the banks will get more deposits, and farmers will have more money with which to develop their farms.—*Breeders' Gazette*.

A fund of \$100,000 has been raised in Houston, Texas, to be loaned to dairymen at a low rate of interest, and paid back from receipts for milk and butter. Every bank in Houston and many prominent business men subscribed to the fund. It has been decided to purchase 200 high-grade dairy cows to be distributed among farmers in coastal counties at cost price.

"Do you ever worry, old man?" "Never." "How do you work it?" "In the daytime I'm too busy and at night I'm too sleepy."

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked a customer of an inexperienced shop assistant. "Nothing but bananas, ma'am!" replied the youth.

Lloyd George

He is the Irresistible Driving Power In Great Britain

When there is any work to be done in England extraordinary hard and unattractive involving great responsibility, the cry is "Let Lloyd George do it!" And yet no man in the realm is more abused. Every crime in the political calendar is fastened on him. Old party associates fling the epithet of traitor at him. If we believe his detractors he is untrue to his chief and concurs with Mr. Asquith's enemies by stealth, revealing cabinet secrets to them. Mr. Lloyd George is accused of abandoning the convictions of a life-time of betraying labor, of grasping greedily at power, of cultivating all the vices that honest men despise in politicians. Of late a dead set has been made at him by the most brilliant pamphleteers who serve the Liberal party. They have done all in their power to drive him from public life.

Mr. Lloyd George has often been unpopular, and he has always had enemies who exhausted the language of vituperation in assailing him. As the most radical of reformers he excited such bitter hostility that he could not show his face anywhere without being reviled. He opposed the Boer war with speech that enraged Englishmen of every class. His peace crusade of 1900-2 divided the Liberal party. Today he is the most aggressive of militants, and there are Liberals who suspect him of plotting to destroy the coalition cabinet in order to raise himself to the premiership on its ruins. His enemies multiply hourly, and they would drag him down if they could, in spite of his great services to the empire since the entrance of England into the war.

Among them are sincere men who believe that he is an unscrupulous and dangerous politician.

It must be admitted that Mr. Lloyd George when he had an opportunity at Conway to answer his critics evaded their gravest charge that he had conspired with the opposition to force his own views upon the premier. But he abused the counsel for the other side with all his old vigor of epithet. It is unreasonable to suppose that where there was so much smoke a little fire crackled? Nevertheless, it was Lloyd George who was selected to bring order out of chaos in Ireland and reconcile factions that breathed slaughter one against the other; and now again it is Lloyd George who is regarded as the logical successor of Lord Kitchener to the post of secretary of state for war.

The explanation of what scheme so paradoxical is that with all his inconsistency and vaulting ambition Lloyd George is recognized as indispensable to the empire in its crisis. He, like Kitchener, realized how titan was the task Great Britain had set herself in the war; that it would last for years, and that all her resources must be mobilized and employed with skill and daring if the designs of Germany were to be frustrated. Lloyd George is the man who does things, politics or no politics. Not another man in the country could have made such a success of the difficult and delicate work of minister of munitions. He has no monopoly of brains in the cabinet, but his is the irresistible driving power. He may have thrown overboard principle and consistency, but it was, in his view, for the common cause, for the salvation of the empire.—*New York Sun*.

Future of the Turks

The hour of disillusion for the Turks has struck. It is the crucial hour for their government, perhaps the hour for their doom. For the people it may be a new beginning, the significance of which can as yet but very imperfectly estimate. Russia has some thirty million Moslem subjects, peaceful and prosperous like the Moslem subjects of Great Britain, France and Holland. The Turks are enduring intolerable suffering as the result of the entrance of their government into war. The return of peace will find them stripped of all that makes life worth living. In despair they will cling to any sincere offer of help. Such offers will be made by those they are now told to count their enemies. But Americans only will be so situated that they can give them both the material and the spiritual aid of which they will be conscious they are in dire need. It may be our privilege and glory to take the lead in saving not only an ancient Christian race, but a vigorous Moslem race also from destruction.—From "Arménians and American Interests Under Russia," by Rev. George F. Herrick, D. D., in the American Review of Reviews for July.

Kiel Governor is Getting Nervous

An official announcement signed by Vice-Admiral Bachmann, Governor of the Kiel district, placing further restrictions on vessels running between German and foreign ports, is printed in the Kiel Zeitung:

"The only ports henceforth open to traffic on the east coast of Schleswig-Holstein are the commercial harbors of Kiel and Laboe. Ships' crews will be allowed ashore only within a limited space facing the vessels when loading or unloading. Visits aboard other ships are strictly forbidden. Captains and seamen will be permitted up-town only when guarded by policemen or soldiers, except by special permission of the governor."

Discharged neutral seamen must leave Germany forthwith. All ships departing from Laboe or Kiel must have a military guard aboard to a distance off shore.—*London Times*.

PLANS TO BE MADE FOR PLACING RETURNED SOLDIERS ON THE LAND

A SPECIAL INQUIRY BY FEDERAL AUTHORITIES

Splended Work Has Already Been Done for Returned Soldiers as Shown by the Report of the Military Hospitals Commission, Many Problems Having Been Dealt With

Japan's Big Guns

The Little Japs' Big Guns Are Doing Good Work For Russia

We have heard a great deal about Japan in the European war. Shortly after she declared herself on the side of the allies there was some difficulty between China and Japan which brought Japan prominently before the public. This was quickly smoothed over and little more has since been heard of Japan, mainly because it has not been necessary for her to take any active part in the war, either by naval or land forces.

But recent events show that she has been of very great assistance. Strange enough, her help has been given to Russia with whom she so successfully waged one of the bloodiest of modern wars just a few years ago.

The rapid advance of the Russian forces and their utter rout of the Austrian army over a front of 100 miles or more at one of the most critical periods of the war is due in great measure to the little Japs' big guns. They have developed a large field gun which is said to be much more than the equal of any gun of any of the enemy forces. In addition, they have developed a new high explosive shell for this monster. Its power of destruction is said to be almost beyond belief and much more terrible than any explosive so far used in this war. The combination of this big gun and terrible new shell, in quantities, in the hands of a great Russian strategist and backed by enormous enthusiastic armies, has got the Austrians "on the run" and we are all hoping that the run continues to the final end of Austria, Germany, and all of their allies.

Japan's part may not be very spectacular but it is certainly very valuable.—*North Shore Press, Vancouver*.

Organized Agriculture

France Provides for the Organization of the Farming Population

A decree of the minister of agriculture in France provides for the organization of the farming population in every rural commune in the republic. A commune corresponds to our township. In each commune there has been established under the decree an agricultural committee consisting of farmers who are elected by themselves. The minister's object was to create a permanent body composed of the pick of the farmers belonging to each rural commune, which body shall be the centre of action and regulate the general activity.

The committee elected consist of 5, 7 or 9 men, according to the population of the district. The body is entrusted with the general organization of farming operations and the overseeing of the cultivation of the land. Farms owned by soldiers who cannot cultivate them are managed by the committee, if necessary. The committees are agricultural syndicates, similar to the co-operative agricultural societies which are doing good work elsewhere abroad and in parts of America.

Even before the war French agriculture was strongly organized and remarkably prosperous. Under the new decree it will be more efficient and productive. In her crisis France has shown a quickness and logicalness of mind, a power of imagination and adaption, and a resource of courage and will which are the admiration of all fair observers. She has manifested a genius for getting at the fundamental thing in a sound, fundamental way at the right time. The general scheme in accordance with which the French rural communes have been organized is worthy and capable of adoption in hundreds of communities in this country. It is the small, widely working community unit which loses its strength. Organize large units, and thus eliminate the personal neighborhood element, as an organization of farmers becomes impersonal, unwieldy and political. It degenerates into a mere list of names, which interested officials are apt to use for political purposes only. The small rural social unit is being formed and organized in America. Where it has been developed, and given a fair chance, it has functioned effectively.

The idea of which it is the concrete expression will logically and inevitably be adopted by every farming community in which there is a sufficient population spurred by necessity.

Kitchener Trod a Lonely Path

It was largely because they put faith in the iron resolution which they ascribed to this cold, impassive, silent man that our people trusted him so fully. It was his doggedness in doing the work that he was set to do that won them, because it was akin to their own temperament. He had none of the gifts by which politicians woo their favors. He was no orator. He did not seem to court the multitude. He had few friends. It was a strange loneliness that he trod the path of duty, but he trod it, as they believed, with a stern and unwavering purpose.

—*London Times*.

Rehabilitation of returned soldiers, with the rather complicated machinery which thousands of cases calling for different kinds of treatment make necessary, has been attended by most encouraging results, according to the report of the Military Hospitals Commission issued by Secretary E. H. Seamall of Ottawa. Co-operation between the medical branch of the Department of Militia and the Hospital Commission, together with the invaluable aid extended by the Assistant Directors of Medical Services and their assistants in the various military divisions, have helped to simplify the problem which the Commission has been called upon to solve.

In the face of a situation which has never before presented itself in Canada, the Commission consider that the administration up till the present is a matter of congratulation for them. Sanatoria and other special institutions for men requiring individual treatment are expected to be needed when the volume of returned men becomes greater. At present, soldiers who have contracted tuberculosis are given treatment in sanatoriums at Gravenhurst and elsewhere, at the Government's expense. The establishment of a hospital for rheumatic cases and another for mental disorders and nervousness due to shock is under way.

Very few Canadians have been blinded while on active service. The few who have totally lost their sight are given instruction in England, and on their return to Canada are able to secure literature from the Canadian Free Library for the Blind. In most cases it is thought that men who have suffered blindness will become self-supporting with the aid of a pension.

Besides the problem of obtaining immediate employment for the soldiers, the advisability of devising a practical method of placing returned soldiers on the land is one that is absorbing the attention of the Commission. This, however, gives promise of becoming so intricate that the Commission advises a special inquiry to be instituted by the Federal authorities. Another large problem which lies in the future is that of obtaining employment for the many thousands who will return to Canada after the war.

In connection with the list of convalescent hospitals published in the Commission's report, the fact is noteworthy that all the buildings have been given rent free, and that many of them have been fitted up by private individuals and institutions.

The list of convalescent homes from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, together with the number who can be accommodated in each institution, is as follows:—Ross Military Hospital, Sydney, N. S., 45; Parks Hospital, St. John, N. B., 35; Beauvoir Manor Military Hospital, Quebec; Savard Park Military Hospital, Quebec, 150; Khaki League Military Hospital, Montreal, 44; St. George's Annex, Montreal, 55; Khaki Home, Montreal; Grey Nun's Hospital, Montreal, 125; Sir Sandford Military Hospital, Ottawa, 72; Elmhurst Military Hospital, Kingston, 50; Richardson Military Hospital, Kingston, 35; Longwood Hospital, Toronto, 25; Central Military Hospital, Toronto, 130; Spadina Military Hospital, which will accommodate 250 when completed; Victoria Hospital, Hamilton, 35; Belvidere Hospital, London, 35; Central Hospital, London, 130; Keefer Hospital, Port Arthur; Deer Lodge, Winnipeg, which will accommodate 130 when completed; St. Chad's Hospital, Regina, 70; Ogden Hospital, Calgary, 140; Esquimalt Hospital, Victoria, 100.

No Solitude for Strathcona

Donald Smith became Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, and his place in history is secure as one of the great builders of our modern North America. It all began in the unlikely place of Labrador, and Smith tells us the secret in his own words:

"People speak of the solitude of Labrador. It wasn't solitude for me. I knew everything there, from the oldest white traders and fishermen to the youngest Indian hunters and Eskimos, and even their dogs. I knew every turn in the coast line and bend in the river, and every natural object had an interest for me. As for ennui, I can honestly say I did not know the meaning of the term. Time was always busy, and when I had no actual or definite task I was planning."

Men of that sort are the makers of the world.—*Colliers*.

The Use of Gas

The use of poison gases is a barbous method of warfare, but the action of the Germans in adopting it forced the allies to do likewise. Its use by the Germans very nearly forced the road to Calais, and probably would have done so if it had not been for the unconquerable valor of the Canadian troops, whom even poison gas could not defeat.—*Montreal News*.

Canada's Big Buffalo Herd

Largest in the World, It Now Numbers 2,077 and is Growing Steadily

The Canadian government is meeting with signal success in its efforts to preserve the buffalo from the swift extinction which threatened it a few years ago. This is shown in a report on the growth of the herd at Wainwright Buffalo Park, Alberta, just issued by J. B. Harkin, Dominion Parks Commissioner.

The report shows that in April, 1909, the herd numbered 402. Since then it has gradually increased at the rate of about 200 a year, until today it numbers 2,077.

The history of this herd, now the largest in the world, dates back to 1873, when a Pend O'Reille Indian captured four little bison calves—two bulls and two heifers—by cutting them out of a stampeded herd on the Flathead Reservation in Montana. In accordance with a peculiar characteristic often noticed by old plainsmen, these young creatures obediently followed the horses of the hunters who had slain or driven off their mothers.

The Indian in question gave them to the Mission of St. Ignatius, where they were kept as pets, and became as domesticated as ordinary cattle. When the heifers were four years old, each had a calf. From that time on until in 1884 there were thirteen head, and finding the care of them too great a tax the mission decided to sell them. Ten head were bought for \$250 apiece by C. A. Allard and Michel Pablo, who were ranching on the reservation, and were shrewd enough to see that almost an extinct animal would eventually become very valuable.

The herd increased under their careful supervision, and in a few years it became possible to sell specimens at high prices. Some idea of the average rate of increase may be deduced from the observed fact that half the cows give birth to calves every year, while twin calves are not uncommon. As a rule the bison calf is a very hardy creature. There are instances of the Pablo-Allard calves finding their feet in less than a minute after birth, and showing fight within half an hour.

In 1906 the Hon. Frank Oliver, then Minister of the Interior, obtained for the Dominion Government an option on the 600 unsold head belonging to Pablo and Allard, and eventually they were all bought for \$200,000. The "round-up" lasted two months, and was carried out by seventy-five cowboys, horsemen picked for their ability from Alberta, and was accomplished with a loss of less than one per cent.

Since it became the property of the Canadian Government this great herd has fared well in the new National Park at Wainwright. The park is becoming a favorite resort of the traveller. It has an area of 150 square miles, and is securely enclosed with a high fence of wire.

Silk From Sawdust

Artificial Silk From Sawdust and Other Lumber Waste Now Possible

Making artificial silk from sawdust and other lumber waste is the latest experiment of the United States forest products laboratory at Madison, Wis. The use of artificial silk made directly from wood is increasing by leaps and bounds. Originally its principal use was in the manufacture of braids and trimmings, but recently the manufacture of hose from artificial silk has become an industry of vast importance. Other uses for artificial silk are woven goods of all kinds, linings, tapestries, etc., neckties, ribbons, sweater coats, etc. About 5,500,000 pounds of artificial silks are used annually in the United States.

There are several methods of manufacture, but that from wood pulp is usually made by treating the wood pulp with caustic lye, after which it is dissolved in carbon disulphide. This is then diluted with more caustic lye to form a viscose which is allowed to age for some time. It is then forced through dies to form threads, which are hardened by a treatment with sulphuric acid, ammonium sulphate and sodium borate, or former acid. After washing and drying the silk is ready for use. The laboratory is investigating the artificial silk problem as a possibility for utilizing wood waste, and has on hand a variety of articles made from this material. Boston Transcript.

Demand For Flying Machines

Major Baird, representative of the Aerial Committee, in the British House of Commons said recently that the demand for flying machines at the front was enormous. Recently as many as twenty-four flew across to the field of operations in one day, he added, as an illustration of this demand and the manner in which it was being met.

In admitting that in one case an airman had taken a British machine by mistake to a German hangar in Belgium, Major Baird commented that these mistakes occurred on both sides. Recently, he said, the Germans had presented the British with a brand-new Fokker.

Big French Dog Tax

Minister of Finance Ribot expects to add \$4,500,000 to the nation's income by his new tax on dogs. There are 900,000 dogs kept for pleasure in France and 2,700,000 watch dogs. The former must pay \$2 each and the latter \$1.

French Submarine Highly Responsive

Speed Without Vibration or Outward Sign of Haste

A correspondent writes from Paris: I have returned from a trip in the North Sea in a French submarine, one of the Laubeuf class. I was conducted below, heard the opening above being closed and felt the vibration of the start. I looked around and saw a maze of machinery. The commander had left me, but a young officer was at my side. Next to us stood a sailor holding the helm of the vessel which was rocking and swaying. Calm voice gave the orders which came to him from somewhere, "Twenty degrees to port! The bar of zero!"

I felt we were gaining speed and the vessel was rocking and swaying gently. Some ten minutes passed. Then came the command: "Aux postes de plonges!" We were going to dive. The Diesel oil engine stopped, the men took up their positions and the electric motors began humming. "Open the valves of the diving tanks!"

I knew we were sinking, but I felt nothing, heard nothing at all, not even a sound of the sea water rushing into the tanks. I looked at the manometer. It showed we were already eight metres below the surface of the sea. I looked at my watch. Less than three minutes had passed since the order was given for the men to stand at the plowing posts. Daylight was disappearing rapidly and the water was turning a deep green.

Everything was done in a manner which banished every idea of danger. I mounted into the upper part of the vessel and saw the commander standing at the periscope scanning the horizon. I felt that we increased speed very considerably. The only sound I heard was the low humming of the electric motors and the waves against the sides of the periscope. We were eleven metres below the surface now. I heard the sailor below singing out the depth. Still the boat continued to plunge. The order to put on maximum speed was given but not the slightest shaking was noticeable. Only when I was permitted to look through the periscope did I get an idea of the speed we were making.

Then manoeuvring began. Time and again we rose to the surface and plunged again, once down to nearly twelve metres, but every moment was soft and gentle. I explored the boat from one end to the other, which is not a very difficult task, for a submarine is merely a narrow corridor between two rows of machinery with a central compartment for observation and two compartments at the ends for the quarters of the officers and crew.

Once more I looked through the periscope and now I saw plainly the vessel that was convoying us. Some distance away was a destroyer, and out on the horizon a cloud of black smoke. A brief command and we rose to the surface. The Diesel engines were set going and we went along half submerged. Suddenly came the order "Alerte" and there was a stir. The Diesel motors stopped instantaneously and we sank quicker than ever, the indicators raced across the dial, daylight disappeared like a flash and the maximum depth was reached in quick time. Then we stopped sinking without the slightest jar.

On our way back to port I had a talk with our commander. We were discussing the possibility of a sortie of the German navy. Like all French sailors he is wishing for one, but he does not believe in it. During a happy month he had been overjoyed when it was thought that von Tripitz would venture a dash into the Channel, but it was a vain hope. "No," he said, "we shall never see anything but this monotonous patrol duty, while the men are burning for a real fight."

Liebknecht's Charges

Bold Attacks on Cruelties of German Militarist Regime

The irresponsible Dr. Liebknecht launched a strong set of accusations against the military authorities. He accused the German government of persecuting the relatives of young men of Alsace who failed to take up arms and took refuge in Switzerland. The military authorities, unable to compel these men to return, revenged themselves by confiscating the property of their parents, against all German law. "The military judges themselves," he said, "tacitly admit they are violating the law in as far as they prosecute the parents for having helped the young men to desert and find them guilty of this charge without any evidence whatever. They are not even given a chance to defend themselves. Quite on a par with this is the action of the military authorities in forcing all Belgian subjects who have lived three years or more in Germany to take up arms against the country of their birth. Here, too, the authorities show a certain sense of shame from their own acts in as far as these Belgians are first offered a chance to become naturalized German subjects, a chance which is invariably refused. Actions of this kind are a disgrace to our nation to say nothing of the fact that they must convey the impression to our enemies that we are in even greater need of soldiers than we are of food."

Tommy: "Dad, my teacher says Germany will soon be without cotton." Dad: "Yes, Tommy, but she will always be able to spin some fine varns." —Calvary Herald.

Serbia's Brave Youth

Leaderless Lads Starved by Wayside as They Tramped From Desolated Homeland to Find Army

An Italian war correspondent who accompanied the Serbian army on its flight to the Adriatic says: "Future generations when they read of the Serbian drama, will refuse to believe this fearful story of suffering and misery. I witnessed the entrance of the Austrians into Belgrade and the bloody street fights which took place in the Serbian capital, and I saw the retreat to the Morava and the desperation of the Shumadija Division. I saw the exodus of a whole nation amid the silence of death, the long trains of wagons driven by women and the endless struggle in the wandering capital at Nish and in the hotel where the Skupshina met I heard the last proud words of the dying nation. But this suffering was overshadowed by what I saw later.

"More tragic than Belgrade and the Morava, than Mitrovitz and Kossovo, Vido—a piece of hell on the enchanted isle of Corfu—lies in Serbia's path of sorrow. While Serbia was dying the recruiting drum was beaten in the Old Serbian provinces to summon the boys of seventeen, sixteen and fifteen years. These boys who might have been strong enough to shoulder a gun in a year or two were called to arms because the government was informed by the allies that the war would never be given up and might last for years.

About 30,000 of these youthful recruits were collected, but only a small part of them reached the sea and Corfu. The regular troops on their retreat through the Albanian mountains had at least guides and leaders and they possessed some food, but the boy recruits were leaderless and had nothing to still their hunger.

"On the Albanian frontier they were met by a Serbian officer who pointed to the west and said: "March straight ahead. In a month you will reach the sea and there you will find ships to take you to a place of safety." The officer returned to his regiment and the recruits marched on to the west through many long weeks. Hundreds of the boys dropped from exhaustion, hunger and cold and their camp sites were always marked by the bodies of dozens of young fellows who had laid themselves down to sleep, never to awake again.

"The bark of trees and grass formed their only nourishment. When the column reached the Adriatic only 15,000 of the boys were left and many died on the shore before they could be embarked. Less than 9,000 of the fugitives reached the steamers and all of these were living corpses. Twenty-four hours later the ships cast anchor before Corfu, but on the short sea voyage several hundred more of the boys died. The rest of the recruits were landed at Vido, among olive and orange trees in one of the most beautiful spots of God's earth. Many weeks passed since, but still the boys are dying and in a short time nothing will be left of them. Many might have been saved, but there were no hospitals, no beds and no nurses for them on Corfu. A single physician had to take care of all. Later a few more doctors arrived, but death continued its fearful harvest.

"The fugitives now have beds, food and good care, but still they die. Their emaciated bodies are no longer able to assimilate the nourishment given to them and the southern sun does not warm them. Silently, ghastly pale and racked with fever they lie under their tents awaiting death. Vido is a hell surrounded by a garden of roses. On the shore the ship San Francesco d'Assisi receives a cargo of dead bodies day after day to take them out to sea where the unfortunate boys find their last resting place.

Kitchener a Fatalist

Prophesied That he Would Die Peacefully in Bed

When Kitchener did talk of himself he made some mistakes. He was a fatalist, and on several occasions expressed some very strong convictions as to his future. During the Sudan campaign he was once warned not to expose himself so recklessly to the enemy while in action. To this remonstrance he replied: "I shall never be killed. When my time comes I shall die peacefully in my bed." But he died on duty on board a warship, in the face of the enemy and "with his boots on."

His friend, Mrs. Erskine, chronicles another bad piece of prophecy. "If there is ever a great war, and I happen to be War Secretary," he once said to me, "I'll make it a criminal offence to print unauthorized news. But if there is a great war," he added, "I am sure not to be War Secretary."

"We call our servants by their last names," said a mistress to a chauffeur she had just engaged. "What is your name?" "You had best call me James, ma'am," replied the man. "No, I insist that you be willing to be called by your last name. Otherwise you won't do at all!" The chauffeur said that he was willing she should call him by his last name, but did not think the family would like it. "What is your last name?" asked his employer, coldly. "Darling, ma'am, James Darling!"

In Rhodesia the British South Africa Company has decided to set aside a tract of half a million acres for such ex-service men of the British Army as feel inclined to try their luck on the land in that part of the world.—Calvary Herald.

From Farthest Canada

Contributions to Patriotic Fund Come From Distant Sources

From the far ends of the Dominion contributions to the Patriotic Fund keep coming in. One of the latest reports is from the Brazeau coal mines well over to the foothills in western Alberta. The employees in the mines have agreed to give 1 per cent. of their wages each month, to take effect on the June payroll, and as the Brazeau collieries are working on a fairly full shift the givings of the western miners will amount to about \$200 a month.

Up in the north, too, the claims of the Patriotic Fund are being heard and responded to in a really remarkable fashion. The various societies and organizations in and around Dawson, in the Yukon, have raised some \$70,000 to date and are keeping on. Still farther away, the people on the Arctic coast are taking a hand in the good work. A contribution of \$401 was received not long ago at Dawson from Fort McPherson and Herschel Island, subscribed by white men, Indians and Eskimos. One Eskimo chief, Chic-Chiak, by name, was down for \$20 to the Canadian Patriotic Fund and \$2 for the Belgians.

The Indians of Canada as a whole, have done exceedingly well out of their usually meagre earnings. Their patriotic giving last year amounted to more than \$16,000, and that sum promises to be exceeded this year. From Manitoulin Island alone, in Lake Huron, the reds sent early in the year a gift of \$500 to the Patriotic Fund, and some of the western tribes will do even better.

Hudson Bay has the habit, too. If the militia department carried out the wishes of the 900 men who are at work on the new harbor and terminal construction at Port Nelson, there are some machine-guns already blazing away, or enroute, as a result of the Nelson men's loyal impulses, for they sent word to Ottawa to deduct the sum of \$3,650 from their combined wages and turn it over to the militia department for the purchase of machine guns. The contribution in that form was the result of a campaign that was put on in quick order and carried through enthusiastically. Distance from the main centres doesn't seem to detract in any way from the vigor and success of Canada's efforts for the common weal.—Free Press.

Monk Rebuked Kaiser

Grave of Hessian Prince Near Ypres Remains Unmarked "Until Belgrave Lives Again"

Writing of a trip to the British front, Viggo Toepfer, a United States correspondent says: On our way to ruined Ypres, our cars stop at a hill where stands a famous Trappist monastery. Our party consists of several of high staff officers, a guide and the Spanish military attaché at London. It is glorious day and the country, of which we have an unobstructed view for miles around, lies bathed in sunshine at our feet. There is no wind and the aeroplanes, British as well as German, are busy reconnoitering and directing an insipid bombardment which promises to assume imposing proportions.

Out of the gate of the stately monastery comes a procession of the silent white-garbed monks, going out to their work in the fields as they have been doing daily even when the battle was raging all around them, before the Germans were finally driven back to their present positions barely visible in the distant horizon. The place in which we are standing has seen furious fighting several times in the course of the war. It was here that Prince Max of Hesse found his death and was buried by the monks. His last resting place is under one of the little wooden crosses which dot the landscape.

Which one? Nobody knows, not even the Kaiser, who when the news of his relative's death reached him wrote a long letter to the abbot imploring him to indicate where the Prince was buried that his remains might be removed to Germany. The Kaiser offered rich treasures to the monastery for the information, but the abbot replied: "Your Majesty, when you brought this atrocious war upon the world, and who, without provocation, attacked a peace-loving and patriotic little nation, have restored to heroic King Albert every inch of Belgian soil you now occupy, and when you have made restitution for all the crimes and atrocities committed by your soldiers, then and then only will I tell you where Prince Max is buried. Until then his grave will remain unknown among thousands of others."

The Thinker—I've got a letter from my son out west.

His friend—What is Tom doing now?

The Thinker—That's what I can't make out. He says he is engaged in the destruction of weeds. Now, that may mean he's smoking a good many cigars or that he is trying to induce some widow to make a second venture, or it may mean that he is doing farm work.

Mildred—Since our engagement George has been perfectly devoted to me. Do you think he will continue to love me when I am old? Clarice—Really, dear I can't say—but you'll soon know.

"Come out o' that, You can't swim in there." "I know I can't. That's why I'm yelling for help."—Life.

About Economic Waste

Divergence of Opinion in Reference to Proposals of the Paris Conference

In view of Premier Asquith's promised statement regarding the decisions reached at the economic conference of the Allies at Paris, public discussion is being generally withheld, and even that section of the British press which was strongest in support of Australian Premier Hughes' plea for immediate action by the British government is silent.

British free-traders are not prepared to abandon their principles, and although, as above mentioned, there is for the time being little public discussion of the subject, there are sufficient indications that any action tending to commit the British government to a policy of commercial boycott after the war will be closely scrutinized.

An interesting contribution to the discussion is published by The Manchester Guardian. After pointing out that the recommendations of the conference offer "a bright vision of a union of States for peaceful purposes, several countries, large and small, agreeing to substitute co-operation for competition in their commercial aims and economic methods—a pleasing prospect which contains the germ of permanent peace," the writer says:

"This bright vision has a dark shadow for its foil. A union of States is to be set up against another union of States. Such proposals challenge our enemies to continue an economic war after this war is finished."

If Germany shows no repentance for her plot against the world's freedom; if she manifests no change of mood, then this painful thing might have to be. If Germany uses her commercialism as the cat's paw of her militarism, then we must fight her commercialism, for the whole spawn of militarism is poisoned with the evil of its origin. So if the German nation were sullen after this war over being beaten, but not convinced of the wrong of militarism, and if the nation set out to prepare for a permanent war, why, then such proposals for a permanent division of interests might become necessary; but what would that mean? It would mean that we had failed to reach our goal in this war. We might win the war, but we should not have destroyed militarism, and that is what we are trying to do.

"The proposals of the Paris conference accept our defeat in our main object as a foregone conclusion. Is that wise? Militarism as a working religion makes any comity of nations impossible, but surely we must also make it plain that we have no desire to keep Germany or any other nation out of the union of nations provided her people will give up their faith in war and will agree to work with other nations for world peace and for the common good of all. If only we can really win this war by gibbetting militarism as a discredited theory and converting the German nation to a saner policy, then no wicked spirit of revenge must keep any nation out of the new union. It is for every one's benefit that all the nations should if possible combine for the commercial progress of the world."

150 Miles Per Hour

Speed Achieved by English A.-Sergeant in Combat

His first flight in the air is described by Flight Sergeant W. H. Harrison in a letter home as follows: "On Friday I had my first experience of a tussle in the air. I was gunner and observer on one of the British biplanes with an officer whose name I may not mention. We had been over the lines on German territory for about an hour and a half, and were just recrossing the lines at a height of 11,000 feet when we saw to the north of us and about 6,000 feet below us, a German biplane which was being hotly shelled by our anti-aircraft guns. The pilot of our machine shouted to me, 'Shall we go after him, sergeant? Yes,' he turned to the right and downward.

"Never have I had the experience of rushing downwards so fast as we went then. I should estimate our speed downward at about 150 miles an hour, at the very least. Within two minutes we were down almost on a level with the Hun, and I got ready my front machine gun, sighted it, and waited while my pilot had turned again to come up in the rear of the enemy machine. Having the faster machine, we soon came up with him, and when within 300 yards to the right and rear of the Hun I let go a whole drum of ammunition at him. I had scarcely finished firing when down he went like a stone.

BABY'S TERRIBLE ECZEMA

Hands Tied to Prevent Scratching

Five Doctors Failed to Believe, But
Zam-Buk Worked a Cure

Mrs. Chas. Levere, of Prescott, North Channel, Ont., tells how Zam-Buk cured her baby. She says:—"My baby's head and face was one complete mass of sores. The itching and irritation were fearful, and the little one's plight was so serious that at one time we feared her ears would be eaten off by the disease."

"We had to keep her hands tied for days to prevent her rubbing and scratching the sores. Doctor after doctor treated her in vain, until we had had five doctors. They all agreed it was a frightful case of eczema, but none of them did any permanent good."

"As a last resource we were advised to try Zam-Buk. The first box did so much good that we felt sure we were at last working in the right direction. We persevered with the treatment until we had used thirteen boxes, and at the end of that time I am glad to say Zam-Buk had effected a complete cure."

Mrs. Holmes, of 30 Guise Street, Hamilton, is quite as eloquent in her praise. She says:—"Zam-Buk cured my boy of boils and eruptions when he was so bad that he had been unable to mix with other children. Zam-Buk is a wonderful preparation, and mothers throughout the land should always keep it handy."

For eczema, eruptions, rashes, tetter, itch, ringworm, and similar skin diseases, Zam-Buk is without equal. It also cures cuts, burns, scalds, piles, abscesses, chronic sores, blood poisoning, etc. All druggists and stores at 50 cents a box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Refuse imitations.

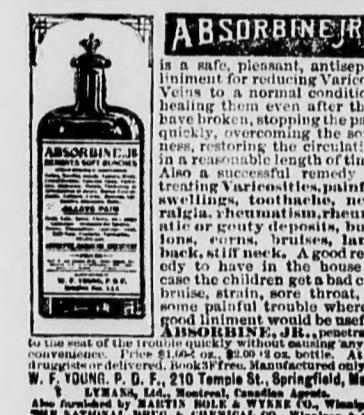
MAJOR WM. S. JORDAN, at a Democratic banquet in Jacksonville, said of optimism:

"Let us cultivate optimism and hopefulness. There is nothing like it. The optimistic man can see a bright side to everything—everything."

A missionary in a slum once laid his hand on a man's shoulder, and said: "Friend, do you hear the solemn ticking of the clock? Tick-tack; tick-tack. And oh, friend, do you know what day it is? Exorably and relentlessly brings nearer?"

"Yes—pay day," the other, an honest, optimistic workingman, replied.

Away With Depression and Melancholy.—These two evils are the accompaniment of a disordered stomach and torpid liver and mean wretchedness to all whom they visit. The surest and speediest way to combat them is with Parmalee's Vegetable Pills, which will restore the healthful action of the stomach and bring relief. They have proved their usefulness in thousands of cases and will continue to give relief to the suffering who are wise enough to use them.

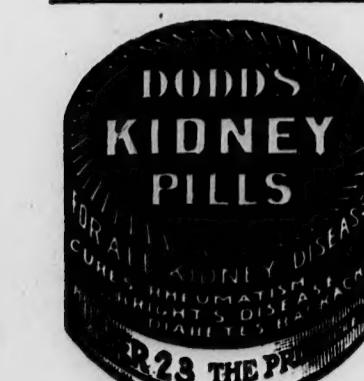


Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven value. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

THETRE parties are now generally dubbed "nuisances" for their persistent talking. At one given a few evenings since by some "fashionable" Bostonians an outsider in the audience would be forgiven for wishing for the presence and action of the late Mrs. John Blake, who, when similarly annoyed—while trying to hear the delicious music of an opera—by some thoughtless, selfish persons behind her, made several attempts to silence them by her looks; finding this measure unsuccessful, she again turned around, and, in an emphatic tone indicating her long suppressed feeling: "For God's sake, hold your tongues, will you?" And they did!



Storyettes

AMENDICANT approached a Westchester man on the cars the other day, and said: "Dear sir, I have lost my leg," to which the Westchester man replied, as he hurried away: "My dear friend, I am very sorry, but I have not seen anything of it."

AND old lady was told the story of the boy who defined "vacuum" as "a large empty space where the Pope lives." She was intensely amused, and recovered from a fit of uncontrolled laughter to murmur, "Dear me, how extremely droll! But why the Pope?"

A WITTY Frenchman wrote at the commencement of this century a very interesting and amusing book bearing the title, "Les agreements et les chagrins des mariages." In this work the first four pages are devoted to the "agreements" (joys), and the remaining three hundred and fifty to the "chagrins" (sorrows).

A PHYSICIAN was driving along the street when his horse took fright and ran away. He was thrown violently to the sidewalk, and knocked senseless. Presently he recovered a little from his unconsciousness, and, noticing the crowd which had gathered about him, remarked: "What's the matter, gentlemen? Anybody hurt? I'm Doctor B—. Can I be of any service?"

THE baldest man in Congress is Representative Ollie James of Kentucky. One hot afternoon, when he was engaged in a heated colloquy with Mr. Payne of New York, he shook his fist and wagged his head with great energy. "Will the gentleman from Kentucky allow me to interrupt him?" queried Mr. Payne politely. "For a question, of course," agreed James. "Well," retorted Payne, "shake not your gory locks at me." That ended the debate.

A PHILOSOPHICAL individual once refused point blank to lend fifty dollars to a bosom friend. "Well, I did not expect that of you," said the would-be borrower, rising and preparing to leave indignantly; "I will never forgive you for this refusal." "Of course you won't, my dear fellow," replied the philosopher, with the utmost calmness; "but if I'd lent you the fifty dollars, you wouldn't have paid me, and we should have quarreled about that; so it's as well to get the row over at once. Good-morning."

MR. GLADSTONE was once making one of his great speeches in the House when Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) was leader of the opposition. Gladstone had worked himself up into a great state, and referred to "the right honorable gentleman and his satellites." On this there were cries of "Order, order," "Question," etc., which so disconcerted the right honorable gentleman that he lost the thread of his discourse. He threw back his head, and in vain tried to remember where he left off, when Mr. Disraeli leaned across the table, and said, quietly, "The last word was 'satellites.'"

SEVERAL members of a boat club at Frankfort-on-the-Main recently resolved to row to Mayence by night. It was just twelve o'clock when they seated themselves in their boat, grasped their oars and bade their friends on shore farewell. They pulled vigorously all night, greatly enjoying the healthful exercise, the gloom and quiet, and the weird beauty of the river. Their own chagrin and the wild delight of their friends may be imagined when they found at sunrise they had forgotten to weigh anchor, and were still fast to the float from which they embarked. They are now known to all Frankfort as "the explorers."

The Horseman

A new champion trotting stallion—The Harvester, 2.02, and soon to be 2.00.

Walter Hal and The Abbe now have racing records of 2.04 flat.

Mobel, 2.104, gets credit with two new 2.15 trotters, Unko, 2.13½, and Audran, 2.14½.

Three weeks after his fall at Grand Rapids, Geers discovered that he had a broken rib.

Uhlen pulled the same sulky that Lou Dillon went her championship miles in seven years ago.

Walnut Hall farm will send upward of seventy two-year-olds to the New York market next winter.

When The Harvester gets down to two minutes will Mr. Uihlein let him go against Uhlan and have the greatest race ever seen in the history of the trotting turf?

The chestnut stallion Grattan G., 40807, by Grattan, 2.13, dam Neenah Belle (dam of two), by Nugget, 1398, has been sold by E. J. Goyt, of Detroit, Mich., to R. J. Foley, of Winnipeg, Man.

Charles Sanders, of Salem, Mass., who sold Uhlan to C. K. G. Billings, has a three-year-old sister to the champion

A Simple and Cheap Medicine.—A simple, cheap, and effective medicine is something to be desired. There is no medicine so effective a regulator of the digestive system as Parmalee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple, they are cheap, they can be got anywhere, and their beneficial action will prove their recommendation. They are the medicine of the poor man and those who wish to escape doctors' bills will do well in giving them a trial.

that is very promising. Bob Proctor, who made Uhlan, has this filly, and while he is bringing her along very carefully, can show better than 2.20 right now.

One of the most sparkling exhibitions of speed seen at the Lexington track this season was shown by Maggie Winner (3) 2.06½, who was stepped a half by Henry Jones in 1.02. The champion filly has been a little off for some time, but is rounding to rapidly now and very likely will do many of the splendid things prophesied for her.

The stallion Magic Chimes, trained by Wiltshire, won a handicap in Germany on Aug. 1st., trotting a 2.24 gait for about a mile and three-quarters. The horse was driven by Wiltshire and was returned in the totalisator at 9 to 2. Magic Chimes is a handsome black stallion by Chimes, dam Princess Ruth. Donald and has been timed in 2.10½. Azoff was the winner of the first heat in the Horseman Futurity in 2.14½, which was the best of the year for a colt until displaced by Silent Brigade.

gave Nancy Royce the first trimming she has sustained this season.

The supposition that the Peter the Great colts are not fast trotters will likely prove to be a false one before the close of the season, as at least three of his sons can be counted on to make a big showing for him this year. His reputation as a speed getter has been due to the performance of Sadie Mac, 2.06½; Ozarevna (3), 2.07; Nabma, 2.07½; Ieon, 2.10; Melva J., 2.10½, and others of the female sex. The three horses which are alluded to above are Peter Donna, Gracious Peter, and Azoff. The former was given a time record during the Blue Grass Fair of 2.08, thus making him the first male 2.10 trotter.

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Duma Can Criticize But Does Not Rule

Russian People Not Yet Qualified to Elect Representative to Govern

H. Hamilton Fyfe, of the London Mail paper writes from Petrograd: The Duma, the Lower House, representing the nation, is elected like our House of Commons. Its proceedings are often lively; its criticism is punget. But the difference between it and our House of Commons must be kept in mind by all who seek to understand the system of government in Russia. The Duma has no power. It can criticize, but it cannot alter. It can talk, but it cannot act. Ministers are very seldom drawn from the Duma. They are under no obligation to render to it an account of their stewardship. They are responsible not to Parliament but to the Emperor. The Emperor appoints them and dismisses them. Parliament can oppose their proceedings, but it cannot turn them out. There was in the Duma a majority of 315 against and 107 in opposition to the government of M. Goremkin. But the majority in the Duma could not drive M. Goremkin from office. What he did when he found their criticism too galling was to suspend their sittings.

M. Sturmer, when he was appointed prime minister was unknown, even by name, to the mass of the Russian people. His name was unfamiliar to newspaper readers. It was scarcely ever mentioned. He had not been heard of for years. We are so accustomed to Prime Ministers who are leaders of parties that it is hard for us to realize that parties in Russia have little or no effect upon the course of political events. With us in western lands the number of men from whom a Prime Minister could be chosen is limited to three or four, and they are all men who have lived long in the public eye. In Russia any man may be selected who is considered by the Emperor and his advisers suitable for the post. The choice falls almost always upon an official, one who has spent his life in the government service.

There is thus a "great gulf fixed" between the Ministers who act and the politicians who talk. Ministers have no need to consider public opinion. Politicians are not steadied by the knowledge that they may be called upon to practise what they preach. I explained all this to an Englishman one day. He could not grasp it. "Aren't they elected like our M. P.'s?" he asked. "Well, then, they must have power. The people who elect them give it to them. What else are they elected for?"

He could not clear his mind of our system. He did not understand that, as yet, "the people" in Russia have no power to give. They are, you must recollect, excepting a few millions of educated persons, nothing but peasants whose minds are as the minds of little children. They are being educated by the Zemstvoes. They have begun to read newspapers and to take an interest in public affairs. The percentage of those who can write has gone up in recent years. But they are still ignorant and simple to a degree which no one can believe who has not lived among them.

Training a Grenadier

Present War Has Brought Back the Close Range Fighter

With cannon firing shells weighing a ton at a distance of 22 miles, there was little thought that in a modern war men would exchange bombs at a distance of from 22 feet to 22 yards. But the present war, as is well known, has brought back the close range fighter in the form of the grenadier of the First Empire without a bearskin cap, the legendary plume and the scarlet epaulettes; he is now distinguished from the infantrymen only by a grenade embroidered in gilt on the sleeve of his dolman.

The modern grenadiers are made up of the elite of the infantry. The most athletic, most sportive and most audacious of recruits are selected for this service, where cool-headedness, skill and strength are required. They are trained with almost as much care as a prize fighter preparing for a world championship match. They are given exercise for the development of the muscles, and are trained in grenade throwing when on the march, while lying on the ground, while kneeling, and in all other positions in which the body may be placed while the man is trying to protect himself. They have a thorough preparation in the judging of distances and throwing grenades from one trench to another. After a batch of men chosen for this work have gone through this kind of preparation, competitive trials are held and those only are selected who demonstrate that at twenty yards they can hit any sort of silhouette with a grenade.

"How do you like your new place?" asked a lady of a girl for whom she had found a situation. "Very well, thank you!" answered the girl. "I'm glad to hear it," said the other; "your employer is a very nice lady, and you cannot do too much for her." "I don't mean to, ma'am!" replied the girl innocently.

Mistress—Did you manage to find the basket of eggs that was on the pantry floor, Bridget? Bridget—Oh, yes, mum, ailsy. I shteped on them.

"Berkley always seems to be so in earnest. He can say, 'How are you?' and give you the impression that he really wants to know."

Cadorna's Strategy

Forestalled Formidable Austrian Onslaught in Trentino

A Swiss military expert who has been on the Italian front since the entrance of Italy into the war says that Count Cadorna by quick action in the autumn of 1915 prevented an offensive movement of the Austrians in Trentino. This fact, however, was kept secret for strategic reasons. All war correspondents received orders not to mention what had been done. Early in September, 1915, the Italian aviators ascertained that the Austrians were bringing large reinforcements and an enormous number of guns to their front in the Southern Tyrol. From their movements it became apparent that they were about to strike a crushing blow, but their intention was not carried out. When they tried to begin their attacks they discovered that Count Cadorna was prepared for the assault and had strengthened his lines with 200,000 men and more than a thousand guns.

Now or Never

The meaning of the situation is almost an open secret. The allies hold the sea. They have already the superiority in men. If they cannot be disabled this year nothing can prevent them from attaining the third and decisive requisite of final and complete victory—superiority all round in gun-power and in every form of fighting mechanism. Then, and not until then, would come the triumphant hour of the general offensive. Germany wants peace before the winter, if by hook or by crook she can force or manipulate a settlement which the kaiser could plausibly represent to his subjects as an honorable and even victorious peace. We allies can have no such settlement. Its effect on German temper could only lead sooner or later to another outbreak of arrogant psychology and militarist ambition. Nevertheless, to secure such a settlement before the winter Berlin will move all earth and the nether regions. For Germany it is "Now or never." "Never again." It is a moment for the allies the immovable principle which history will remember as equally great whether in the drama of this war or in its moral issues.—London Observer.

Community Intelligence

In large cities the death rate from infectious disease has made a wonderful drop in the last fifteen years. City dwellers are putting themselves on the back and pointing rather scornfully to their country cousins who have had no such improvement. They are saying now that all the typhoid fever comes from the country, reaching the city only when some vacationist brings it back or a dairyman carries it along his route.

In a measure their position is warranted, but it is not because of the superior acumen of the city man or the inferior intelligence of his country neighbor. It is simply because cities have been compelled to have boards of health, which have insisted upon water filtration plants, upon sanitation in all dwellings upon medical inspection of school children, upon sanitary disposal of waste and a score of other things against which the city man often protests, but to which he necessarily submits.

The remedy for country folk is to allow community intelligence to prevail over personal prejudice, and likewise to organize for good health. The best goal to work for is a full-time county health officer.—The County Gentleman.

Fewer Wounds in Head

In previous wars it is said that 15 per cent. of all wounds were head wounds, what one might naturally expect from the relative size of head and body, and if the ratio was slightly larger, it is to be explained by the tendency of soldiers, especially of new troops, to fire high. Of head wounds, one in three penetrated the skull, and of these one-half usually proved fatal. In the early stages of the present war, before our troops had fully adapted themselves to trench warfare, one-quarter of all wounds were head wounds, since the heads of the soldiers were most exposed. Statistics compiled by French field hospital since the adoption of the steel helmet show that penetrating gunshot wounds of the head form only a little more than one-half of one per cent., including those from clubbed rifles; grenades, and shellfire, were less than one per cent.

Her Way of Doing It

Gladys' mother was entertaining visitors, when suddenly the door was flung open and in burst Gladys like the proverbial whirlwind. "My dear child," said the mother rebukingly, "I never heard such a noise as you made coming downstairs. Now, go right back and come downstairs properly."

Gladys retired, and a few moments later reentered the room. "Did you hear me come down that time, Mamma?" she asked. "No, dear," replied the mother. "Now, why can't you always behave like that? You came downstairs like a lady then."

"Yes, Mamma," said Gladys dutifully. "I slid down the banister."—Ladies Home Journal.

A little girl was playing with her cup of water. Her father took the cup from her and in so doing accidentally spilled some of the water on her. "There," she cried, leaving the table indignantly, "you wet me clear to my feelings."

Incidents at Verdun

Stubborn Courage and Reckless Daring of French Defenders Are Given in British Narrative

H. Warner Allen special correspondent of all the British newspapers with the French army, gives the following account of deeds of heroism at Verdun: "When one talks with the men who come down to Verdun straight from the firing line one realizes how tremendous must have been the German losses. Never have French troops fought more magnificently than the men who retired so grimly from the Bois d'Haumont, the Bois des Caures, and the Herbeau. To the line of the Cote du Poivre and Douaumont. They fought to gain time, and gladly gave their lives for this object. Two divisions held up two German army corps for several hours. Every yard of ground yielded was paid for by the enemy a hundred times over.

"There was a sergeant who, as his colonel certifies from his own certain knowledge, accounted for sixty Boches with rifle bullets. He was the crack shot of the battalion, and when the enemy were advancing he went up outside the trenches, and stood there fully exposed to the storm of shells and bullets, while his comrades handed up to him rifle after loaded rifle from below the parapet. By a miracle he was not touched, and after he had accounted for his sixty Germans he fell back with his battalion to the second line. He was recommended for the Croix de Guerre, and few men have earned it better.

"The endurance of the French troops during this battle was beyond all praise. We are going to stay here," said one of these poilus to a staff officer, "until we are killed, and in that way we are sure the reserves will be able to come up in time. I spoke to a wounded man just back from the firing trench. He had lost his right hand, and I condoled with him on his bad luck. 'That is nothing,' he replied cheerfully. 'I offered my life to France, and she has only taken my hand, so there I gain.'

"In the utter fatigue the men fought on doggedly without food or drink. An artillery captain told me the story of his battery. It was in the full height of the assault, and their guns had been firing round after round at the highest speed. After seven or eight rounds the 75's became so hot that it is impossible to fire any longer until the pieces have been cooled. Their guns had reached the stage of heat, and there was no water left except in the men's water bottles. The men were almost dying of thirst, and yet of their own free will they refused to drink a single drop, reserving all the water in their flasks for the cooling of the pieces which were defending the infantry a mile or two away.

"In connection with the battle of Verdun the name of Colonel Driant, Deputy of Nancy and a patriotic writer, will always be remembered. With his two battalions of picked troops he recovered by a counter-attack the original French positions in the Bois des Caures, but owing to the withdrawal of the French left the Germans began to surround him. He divided the men into five columns for the retreat that had become inevitable, and he himself marched in the rear of the last column. Almost all his troops had retired safely from the woods when the Germans closed round from the left and from the right nipping the last French column, as it were, with a pair of gigantic pincers. A hundred men or so were cut off, and with them Colonel Driant, who true to the ancient naval tradition that captain should be the last man to leave his ship had chosen for himself the place of danger."

Overcoming Egg Breakage

Simple Device That Prevents Breakage of Eggs in a Crate

A commercial poultry farm, which secured a light motor truck for hauling its products and for collecting eggs and poultry from the farms of the neighborhood, had a great deal of trouble with broken eggs caused by the bouncing of the springs of the truck, which jolted the crates severely. The breakage sometimes ran as high as two dozen to a crate, and nothing that was done had any effect in reducing it.

It was noticed that most of the broken eggs were in the top layer, showing that it was due to this layer being bounced up against the lid of the crate and that the single cardboard across the top did not give enough protection.

the top layer of eggs and then nailing the lid on, using sufficient newspaper to fill the space between the top cardboard, which covers the top layer of eggs, and the lid. This formed a sort of mat, which was not hard enough to break the eggs when bounced against it, and filled up the space so as to reduce all jolting to a minimum. Breakage does not average an egg to a crate now.

Excelsior mats, such as are used in the bottoms of most egg cases, are very good for placing on top of the last layer of eggs before nailing on the lid. Eggs shipped long distances are always packed in this manner, with mats top and bottom. Such packing not only stops jolting, but also prevents breakage in the top layer when another crate is roughly tossed on top.

And speaking of rough handling, it might be said that a good deal of it is caused by the expressman's receiving a torn hand of finger just because the shipper has been careless in letting a few nail points stick out. Who can blame him?—J. R. K. in Country Gentleman.

Germany Besieged

Government Slackness Over Food Control Angers Civil Population

With practically all food supplies under government control Germany has become a vast besieged fortress, in which the non-combatant part of the population is full of bitterness against the authorities. "All the evils from which we are now suffering in the most cruel manner," says the "Frankfurter Zeitung," "might easily have been avoided if a foreseeing food policy had been inaugurated and if the government had put a limit to the greed of the manufacturers of canned food. The government will never succeed in exonerating itself from the accusation of inactivity and carelessness at the beginning of the war. The explanations it gives the people are too vague to satisfy the people.

"Under the orders of the Government pigs were killed by the ten thousand and large quantities of beef were canned in the most careless manner, with the result that now we have neither pigs, nor beef, nor canned meat. Enormous stocks of potatoes have been piled up and have been allowed to rot. Horses and cattle were fed on sugar beets until we had practically no sugar left in the country and it became necessary to put us on rations of two pounds of sugar a month per individual. Law abiding and obedient subjects have had the burners of their lamps altered as directed by the government so as to be able to burn alcohol, and now the government has forbidden the sale of alcohol. Everything has been chaos and confusion."

The lack of meat, all agree, is due in the first place to the fact that German manufacturers of canned meat were allowed to have stock slaughtered to suit their own taste at a time when plenty of canned meat was still to be had from abroad for army purposes. Time and again the attention of the Bunderstrahl was called to this danger, but no action was taken. It was only in February, 1916, that the slaughtering of live stock for canning was prohibited.

A Pioneer Farmer

A Once Prominent Figure in the Arena of Manitoba Politics and Agriculture

Not alone from an aspect of the political relationship possessed by Thomas Greenway with Manitoba, we recollect the deceased as an agriculturalist and founder of the mammoth farm known as Prairie Home, one half mile southward from his home town, Crystal City. At Prairie Home, Thomas Greenway's hours were spent when absent from political activity permitted him to be away from the din of the turbulent waves of that ever restless sea of Manitoba politics.

As a breeder of Shorthorn cattle, the name of Greenway was associated with the highest grades; from Maine to southern States, the strain from Prairie Home has been dispersed. In the horse marts of the Old World, he was a frequent purchaser; no impediment was permitted to interfere with his desire to add the highest class of equine stock to his famous stables. The pens of Tamworth and China hogs were survival of the fittest only a remark applicable to the barns of sheep containing animals leading Fairs of Canada and the United States have awarded highest diplomas.

From a political standpoint Thomas Greenway was a unique figure. Even when his government was relegated into the shades of opposition, the once Premier continued as in former days to steadfastly guard the interests of Manitoba. Within the Legislative Chamber at Kennedy street, he wasn't prone to assume bombastic attitude against those with whom he differed concerning issues. His convictions never faltered between two opinions; as an exponent of Manitoba's rights, Greenway stood in the foremost rank. His after career as a member of the Railway Commission, was marked with an advocacy upholding the tenets of citizenship against iron headed monopolistic railroad corporations; into the trenches of these he penetrated and withstood the shot and shell hurled at him from the enemy guns.

There came a day that Thomas Greenway laid down his word. In the month of October, 1908 he was laid at rest within the family cemetery on the banks of Crystal Creek. A sad procession which wended its way along the lane to the burying ground carpeted with the scattered leaves of Autumn's wind storms. Around his bier stood they who had fought shoulder to shoulder with him in strenuous political warfare. Not alone they, but those who raised the sword of opposition against it, lowered the earthly remains of Thomas Greenway to a last resting place.

Thomas Greenway, pioneer, agriculturist, Premier of his adopted land fought valiantly. His most combatative opponents recognized in his career a man for whose energies Manitoba has much to be thankful for. The memory of Thomas Greenway is not perpetuated from monument of stone erected over his grave. The progressiveness of Manitoba in early years of history, bears lasting testimony to that which he accomplished.—J. A. Evans.

"Would you oblige me," said a reporter who was anxious to write up an interview, "by telling me what book has helped you most in life?" After a thoughtful pause the great man answered: "My bank-book!"

Faithful to Treaties

Portugal Has Been England's Faithful Friend and Ally For More Than 500 Years

The entry of Portugal into the war was welcome to all of the allies, and most of all to England. Germany indeed excuses her declaration of war against the Republic on the ground that its government are "the vassals of England." No, the Portuguese have never been the vassals of England, but her government, like all the wisest rulers of the land for more than 500 years, are England's faithful friends and allies. Both nations have found their account in a friendship which goes back before the Hohenzollern had set his foot in Brandenburg. The treaty of 1373, which first consecrated the political alliance between the two kingdoms, is still recognized by the signatories as extant and of binding obligation. The "amities, alliances, unions, good confederacies and league of pure love" which it establishes have prevailed almost without interruption ever since. John of Gaunt, fought for Portugal in the Peninsula as well as Wellington, and neither we nor our Portuguese friends have thought of treating the pledges our fathers gave as "scraps of paper,"—London Times.

Would Crush Holland

A Quarter of a Million Germans in Holland, and Most of Them Are Spies

Of Holland's danger Louis Raemakers, the artist, says: "In my country I think there are a quarter of a million Germans. There are many thousands of them in Amsterdam and almost every German is a spy. I estimate that there are also thousands of military spies. The Germans know all our weaknesses and our strength. Near Limburg, in a district where there are quite unimportant villages, they have built numerous railways. The grass has been growing between the rails for thirty-five years, and there were no trains running when I was there, and I have spent ten years in the neighborhood. We shall see whether the Germans consider themselves strong enough to 'hack a way' through."

The concentration of their troops on our frontier was surely part of a carefully laid plan, the development of which we shall soon witness. It was as deliberate as the sinking of the *Tubantia* and the *Palembang*. I should imagine that the sinking of these vessels was done with the avowed object of provoking a sharp note from the Dutch Government and such an outburst of feeling in Holland as would give the Germans a pretext for declaring war and making an attempt at securing the mouth of the Rhine, which they have so long coveted. I am so convinced that my views are correct that, although forty-seven years of age, I have decided to volunteer for service in the Dutch army.

The German armies will meet with a warm reception when they do cross the frontier, but it is idle to underestimate the power of the invaders. It is well known that as a last resort we have a powerful means of defence in the flooding of vast areas of the country between our frontiers and the principal towns. But the Germans are perfectly well aware of this plan and know very much more about it than the average Dutchman. It must be remembered, too, in calculating our chances that our guns were made in Germany, and Krupp's agents know a good deal of our whole defensive fort.

Disillusionment of Germany

The Many Victories That Were to be Have Not Materialized

The German army of 1916 is not the army of 1914. The better part of the men who marched to Paris, officers and soldiers alike, have long disappeared from the battle line. Those who have filled their places are brave soldiers; many trained officers remain; but the flower of that army which so nearly repeated Napoleon's greatest triumphs is no more. And with it has departed much of the legend of German invincibility and of the moral "lift" that came from the faith that Germany could not be opposed, checked, or even temporarily halted. The legend of Sedan died at the Marne, as the "sun of Austerlitz" set at Leipzig. In the contest so far Germany has lost 4,000,000 men. She has not won a real victory. She has made no great advance since September, 1915. In 1914 she told her people France would disappear in six weeks, and France has not disappeared. In 1915 she told her people that Russia would disappear as a military power in a few months, and Russia is coming back victorious from the Pruth to the Dnieper. She told her people last autumn that the road to Egypt was open, and the never Eastern menace would destroy Britain's Empire.

All these things have not happened. On the contrary, Russia, France, Britain, with Italy into the bargain, are standing. Last year Germany whispered the magic word of peace to her own people, and there was no peace. Her chancellor has gone out into the market places of the world and claimed peace—"victorious peace," be sure, and the answer has come in artillery.—Frank H. Symonds in the New York Tribune.

"What was the result of the flood?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Mud," replied the bright youngster.—Chicago Daily News.

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(Continued)

"Yes!" said the other.

Paul looked at him impatiently.

"You will have to take your choice between treating me like a rational being, or making an open scandal."

"You can avoid any scandal, if you choose," said Lord Eastling.

Paul frowned impatiently.

"I tell you this attitude is preposterous. You are on the verge of causing a frightful scandal in your own family, without the least justification for it."

"How?"

"Do you think I am going to be shadowed, insulted, watched, by a fellow little more than a boy?"

Lord Eastling considered a moment.

"Well, what do you propose to do?" he said.

"In the first place, I ask you to retract your accusations, which have been, from the first, based upon nothing better than gossip."

Lord Eastling, who had been looking at the table-cloth, met his brother-in-law's eyes steadily.

"Oh, no, they had a much better basis than that," he said coolly.

"It," pursued Paul, "the stories you blurted out in front of my wife were true how is it you consented to her remaining with me?"

"I couldn't help myself. Women are such tools" said the young man impetuously.

He was frank, at any rate. Paul raised his eyebrows.

"Well, in that case, don't you think, if you really believed what you said against me, you ought to have consulted your family or your solicitors, instead of letting things go on like this—mistrusting me, yet holding your tongue?"

The young man hesitated.

"The position is a very difficult one," he said.

It was all the more difficult, indeed, by reason of the fact that he believed himself to be in the same room, not only with his brother-in-law, but with two of his friends, who might be his accomplices.

"I admit that. But your attitude is illogical, however you take it."

"I dare say it is," said Lord Eastling, flushing. "You want something more than logic to deal with a rascal who has wormed himself into your family and married your sister."

"You are not very civil," commented Paul.

The other was silent, and Paul, making little rings with the smoke of his cigarette, went on lazily:

"The worst if it is, I don't quite know how to satisfy you that you are making a fool of yourself, since reason is thrown away upon you."

Lord Eastling faced him quickly, staring across the table with glowing eyes.

"I'll tell you how you can satisfy me," he said. "Let me bring a man who asserts he knows something about you, a man who believes that the jewels you gave my sister were stolen—"

"Come this is too much," interrupted Paul. "You are taking the most disgraceful advantage of your position, and of mine, when you dare to repeat such insinuations as that."

"It is no worse than what I said to you this morning, before we started," Lord Eastling reminded him. "One can't say a worse thing than I said, when I accused you of coming to town to dispose of pearls stolen from Mrs. Finchden."

Unconsciously he had raised his voice and the sound of the scraping of a chair on the floor made him turn his head in time to see that the two men in the clothes of sporting cut had risen from their seats and that both were looking eagerly and angrily across the floor.

Although no word passed between them and Paul Payne, and although he could not say that he even saw them exchange a look Lord Eastling was aware that some sign of intelligence flashed like lightning between them, before the two men went quickly out.

Then Paul turned squarely to his brother-in-law.

"I don't care to bawl out a discussion of my domestic affairs in the hearing of strangers" he said sharply. "But now that we're alone, I'll tell you what you have succeeded in doing. You have ruined the life of your own sister. She loves me and I could have made her happy. Strong as my own feeling for her is, however, it is impossible for me to remain in a position in which I am made the target

for such foul slanders as those you have uttered to my face. Unless you apologise, and undertake never to repeat these calumnies, I shall take the only course open to me, and leave my wife."

"I wish to heaven you would!" retorted Lord Eastling with vehemence.

"And she? Have you thought of her? I suppose not? You think of nothing but yourself and your own prejudices."

"I do not think of her. I know the shock would be awful to her. But she would get over it. And if the end comes in some other way, in some sensational scandal while she still believes in you and cares for you, it will be a thousand times worse than if you were to sling your hook and get back to the country which it is a tatty you ever left," said Lord Eastling.

Once more Paul, finding that he was getting the worst of it, turned off the conversation by a burst of good-humored laughter.

"Upon my soul," he cried admiringly, "you are a cool youth! I'm beginning to feel more than a simple liking for you; I admire you. You can hold tight!"

Lord Eastling felt rather sheepish at being thus turned to ridicule in the midst of his excitement. But neither this feeling, nor the announcement made by Paul that he was going to return to his club, sufficed to make him relax his hold.

Lord Eastling had remarked before that Paul Payne did not belong to any decent club, and although this could not be explained away by the fact that he passed as an American, it gave the young man food for thought.

"What club?" he asked.

Paul frowned.

"Oh, I'll give it up if you like," he said lazily, "and we'll go into one of the places where they give an afternoon show."

So they went to the Hippodrome, and afterwards dined together. Lord Eastling sticking like a limpet to the older man, and making it impossible for him to hold any conversation unknown to him with anybody.

And presently, when Paul announced that he should stay the night in town, Lord Eastling said he should do the same.

They engaged rooms at the same hotel, Lord Eastling taking care to change his for one that almost faced that occupied by Paul.

He had an inkling that something exciting was going to happen, so he played the spy when they had both retired early to their rooms, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of the two men in sporting clothes glide swiftly along the corridor and enter Paul's room.

It was Bill Evans.

He had scarcely shut the door when Paul broke into a passion of invective against the d—d spy who had been sticking to him like glue all that day, and making it impossible to get a word with anybody else.

Evans, who was sullen and snapish, cut him short.

"Have you brought the stuff—as you promised?" demanded he.

Paul nodded.

"Yes, I've got pearls which cost eighteen thousand pounds. You won't get that for them, but if you hold on a little, you will get ten, I should think. They're beautiful pearls, such as you don't come across once in ten years."

"Hand them over," said Evans, holding out a greedy hand.

Paul shook his head.

"I can't," said he. "My infernal brother-in-law is at this moment spying on us—I can see his door ajar when I look out of mine, and he'll overhaul you, and clap you into custody the moment you leave here."

(To be continued)

Without Works

Father O'Leary was off to catch the Dublin express, and on the way to the station he met his bishop.

"Well, what's your hurry?" said he.

"It's the Dublin express I'm after, your lordship."

The bishop pulled out his watch and said:

"Well, there is seven minutes yet. Let us walk together and both catch it."

They arrived at the station just in time to see the train steaming out.

"Do you know, I had the greatest faith in that watch, O'Leary," said the bishop.

"Yes, my lord," replied the priest, "but what is faith without good works?"

An expert in aviation makes the assertion that a bomb dropped from a height of 8,000 feet cannot hit, except by rare good luck, the object aimed at, owing to the speed at which the airship travels.

At a British tribunal it was stated that a jeweller, married, but without family, had joined the colors in order that his manager, married with three children, might remain behind.

The typical farm in Mexico is not of 160 acres, but of a million. The territory of Quintana Roo, about as large as Alberta, is divided among eight companies.

Letters of Thanks

Work of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild in Canada is Appreciated

Another interesting letter of thanks from Her Majesty the Queen has been received by Mrs. Angus, President among the Canadian Branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild. The letter which was written by Miss Annie Lawley, Hon. Secretary at headquarters in London says:

"That Her Majesty has desired me to ask you to convey her thanks to the various workers who have contributed so splendidly to this last consignment. The arrival of your cases was a great help to us at this moment, as we are sending out a large consignment of things to Mesopotamia, and many of your things have gone there. The handkerchiefs were specially welcome as I seem to have unlimited demand for them." Her Majesty was much interested in the Comfort Bags from Yarmouth, and we have sent some to No. 14 General Hospital, France to be given to some of the worst cases. It is indeed good of your workers never allowing their energy to flag, and I hope they realize how much their labors are appreciated. We have so much to be grateful for, not only to the daughters, but to the sons of Canada who, at this moment, are covering themselves with glory, and one finds it difficult to express their thanks.

The following are a few extracts received from letters by the headquarters in London:

Hospital Auxiliare, St. Germain-en-Laye.

"There is one thing that we really do need badly, but I do not know if the Q. M. N. G. supplies such things. Many of the poor wounded have such terrible bed-sores when they come here, either from the stretchers or previous bad nursing, and we have no water or air mattresses, not even the large water pillows that are such an excellent substitute. It is pitiful to see their sufferings on these hard mattresses, when one knows how more comfortable they could be made. India rubber hot water bottles are also unknown here, but we have stone ones instead. Most of the garments that these patients wear are sent by the Q. M. N. G. I always look for the mark and feel proud of seeing it there."

Hospital Melun, Seine et Marne.

"I find hospital, having many serious cases, surgical and illness. Clothes are in great demand as men come straight from the front with nothing."

Hospital Mixte, Fontainbleau.

"A most pathetic little hospital in poor part of the country. Entirely run by contribution of peasants. Patients very cheery. To garden, so they sit or lie by the roadside, or take turns in one wheel chair. I am the second visitor they had since the war began. They nearly went on my neck. Do be as generous as you can."

Hospital Civil, Rue Victor Hugo 1, Montereau-fault-Yonne.

"A visit to this hospital would melt the stoniest heart. They have practically nothing and very serious cases, and receive no outside help."

Herr Ballin's Boast

Herr Ballin's announcement that his company, the owners of the Hamburg-American line, is building five huge steamers, and that other German firms are similarly engaged, need not concern the allies very much. The announcement does not build the ships, and German ship-owners are not likely to lock up their capital in 30,000-ton steamers until they have some reasonable guarantee of revenue from them.—Montreal News.

"I've brought back those eggs you gave me this morning," said the new bride, as she began to take the articles in question from her basket. "They're duck eggs."

"Duck eggs!" sneered the grocery boss. "You're mistaken, ma'am. I don't never sell no duck eggs."

"But I tested them," triumphed the matrimonial novice. "I dropped them into water and they floated."

A sergeant was entering a new enlisted into his book. "And where do you hail from, Angus Macdonald—England, Scotland or Ireland?" he asked with sarcastic smile at the six foot brawny giant. "Name o' them?" was the ready answer, "De ye ken whaur Aberdeen is? Weel, I come frae Aberdeen."

"My wife managed to drive a nail today without hitting her thumb."

"How was that?"

"She inveigled the hired girl into holding the nail."

Her—No doubt you think I am older than I really am.

Him—Not at all. I'm sure you are not as old as you look."

"We've learned a lot from the present war?"

"Yes, indeed. Everything except what it's all about."

Home Sweet Home

Home is a Magic Word and We Seldom Try to Analyze it

It is easy to awaken a sentimental thrill by the strains of "Home Sweet Home" even when it is played by an out-of-tune hand organ, in a dirty street, where most of the homes are far from "sweet."

The law of association is a complicated one. A woman who grew up among severe privations of a rocky hill farm, remote from everything which she now prizes in life, will feel her eyes grow dim as she reads a description of milking time, corn husking and apple picking, although in her own experience those duties stood for backaches and blistered hands and weariness unspeakable.

Home is a magic word, and we seldom try to analyze it. A little Polish girl in a public school was asked recently to write a definition of "home." "A home," she wrote, "is where people live, and where a man or some body comes home and finds people there, and then eats."

"And then eats!" To how many thousands of men that is the end and aim of coming home! To how many thousands of women the preparation of the food to be eaten is the chief business of home making.

It is a military axiom that an army marches on its stomach. So the army of workers which goes forth with the sun from the millions of human homes by the strength of food. Well-chosen and well-cooked it must be if the home is to rest on a firm foundation. But the foundation is not the whole structure. Food for the body helps to feed the mind and spirit, but does not suffice for them. The Polish child must be taught in her adopted country to add to her plain and bitter climax, "and the eats," the new charter of Liberty and grace: "And when he has eaten, he talks and reads and thinks, and he learns and teaches others what and how to love, and so he makes and keeps a home."—*Youth's Companion*.

To Stimulate Agriculture

Manitoba's Slogan Should be Back to the Land

A slogan, that represents the vital sinew of Manitoba, should be "Back to the Land."

From statistics available, it is learned that the present figure of population evidences in excess of one third of provincial inhabitants are enumerated in the census of the City of Winnipeg. And to this startling fact must be added that upwards of fifteen thousand people dwell within the civic limits of Brandon. Surely such state of affairs in an agricultural country is suggestive of active remedial measure.

As matters stand, farmers are in need of, yet unable to obtain adequate supply of help. Every winter season demonstrates thousands of unemployed in the cities and a goodly proportion of these out of works are in actual need, a statement affirmed by perusal of reports issued by the Associated Charities of Winnipeg. A horde of unemployed men roam the city streets; artisan, unskilled worker, book-keepers, clerks. The human product of Slavonic Europe adds its quota to the mass struggling to sustain body and soul. Surely this sight common upon Winnipeg streets is a deplorable state of affairs, an injustice to Manitoba creative of the erroneous impression prospective immigrants will not be assured work. The acreage of this province at the present time under cultivation, constitutes a fraction of only the lands suitable to the plough. Hence a glorious heritage is awaiting, yet thousands of able bodied men are enrolled amongst ranks of unemployment.

Manitoba will, at termination of the present European war, receive an invasion of immigrants. Any class save such willing to take up land and work with the farmers, should be rigidly refused admittance. It would act to the future interests of this province, if extreme discretion in programme of policy is adopted. The late James J. Hill, the greatest empire builder on the American continent, and whose death has recently occurred, made the following terse statement at a banquet given in his honor at Winnipeg a few years ago:

"Fill up your population by all means, but be careful of the material you accept. The Province of Manitoba possesses lands for settlement, your cities and towns can take care of themselves."—J. D. A. Evans.

Amos—I don't care much for that piece the orchestra is playing now. Muriel—Why, that's futurist music. Amos—Oh, is that it? Why don't they play it some time in the future, then?

Henry, how do you like my new hat? "Well, dear, to tell you the truth—" "Stop there! If you're going to talk that way about it, Henry I don't want to know."

Della—So Matthew is to marry Miss Corbridge? He's much too young for her, don't you think? Emily—Oh, he'll age

THE PIONEER, DIDSBURY, ALBERTA

Conservation and Thrift

Each Leads to Personal Gain and to National Profit

Conservation is thrift. Perhaps it should be added—when properly exercised. Conservation is not hoarding. Hoarding is more frequently waste than not. The miser does not enrich the country. He impoverishes it. Judicious investment makes the country richer. It means production and production that adds to the capital of the nation; production that means progress and advancement; that leads to greatness. When the war broke out city dwellers rushed to purchase necessities in large quantities, fearing a rapid advance in prices. That was not conservation, preservation, or wise investment. It provoked the very evil that it was desired to avert.

It was waste. Scavengers state that the amount of perishable produce that was subsequently thrown out with the garbage was tremendous. Thus an era that should have started with conservation and thrift commenced with wasteful extravagance.

Time proved the unwisdom of the early panic. But stocks had been depleted and prices advanced. The evil had been done and the effect lingered.

A feeling of insecurity was caused that remained in the memory of dealers, who were not slow to take advantage of the situation. The larger men profited immensely. The smaller went to the wall. The consumer reaped the result of his folly. But the lesson has been learnt, and although prices have not fallen, the normal conservation of the people has returned and with it to some extent the habit of conservation. It is doubtful, however, whether the importance of the latter has yet entered into the minds of the Canadian population in the wide measure that it should.

Conservation, or thrift, or both, is possible in the smallest way as well as in the largest. Each leads to personal gain and national profit. And there is no manner in which both can be better exercised than in the household and in personal habits. Care in our method of living contributes not alone to the formation of individual but to what is more important—national character. France learnt this great lesson from the Franco-Prussian war and is benefiting by it today. Canada is acquiring it and there is every indication that present experiences will lead to further conservation, to more thrift, and to greater husbandry.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Perfect Fit

"Yes, grandma, I am to be married during the bright and gladsome spring."

"But, my dear," said grandma, earnestly, "you are very young. Do you feel that you are fitted for married life?"

"I am being fitted now, grandma," explained the prospective bride, sweetly. "Seventeen gowns."

Here is the latest story from Sandhurst Military College: Overnight the cadets conspired. When next morning the sergeant gave the order "Number off from the right!" the voices rang out "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, knave, queen, king." Quick as lightning the sergeant continued with "All court cards fall out and report to the major."

The first Bible published in the United States was in the Indian language and printed at Cambridge, Mass.

Adds a Healthful Zest to Any Meal

Most everyone likes a hot table drink, but it must have a snappy taste and at the same time be healthful. Probably no beverage answers every requirement so completely as does

POSTUM

This famous pure food-drink, made of roasted wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses, affords a rich, delicious flavour, yet contains no harmful element.

The original Postum Cereal must be boiled; Instant Postum is made in the cup "quick as a wink," by adding hot water, and stirring.

Both forms of Postum have a delightful aroma and flavour, are healthful, and good for children and grown-ups.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

W. N. U. 1116



The Rubber Industry

The Bulk of the World's Supply of Rubber Comes From Brazil

The rubber gatherers in jungles of the Amazon, the Orinoco and the Congo, making incisions an inch and a half long, three-eighths of an inch wide and a half inch deep in the bark of the tropical trees which sometimes attain a height of 60 feet and a circumference of 8 feet. Beneath these cuts the natives attach small cups to catch the rubber milk, which is not the sap of the tree. The average Para rubber tree yields two ounces of milk a day. By coagulation in the smoke of a wood and palm nut fire the milk yields one-third its weight of the prized rubber, the normal annual production of a tree being ten pounds of rubber, and the flow continues fairly constant for a number of years.

One of the by-products of rubber harvesting, and one which promises extensive development, since plantations of these trees have been successful in Sumatra, Ceylon and the Straits Settlement, is the rubber seed which yields almost half its weight of an oil closely resembling linseed oil, and adapted to the same uses.

There are many varieties of rubber producing trees, vines and shrubs, the most valuable species being that which yields the standard "para," and which grows over an area of a million square miles in Brazil alone.

The world production of rubber during the year preceding the European war was 151,000 tons, of which Brazil produced 40,000 tons, her nearest competitor, the Dutch East Indies yielding 8,000 tons. The United States in that year imported more than twice as much of the raw material as Great Britain, which stood second as a buyer. For 57,000 tons \$90,000,000 was paid.—National Geographical Society, Washington.

This is to certify that fourteen years ago I got the cords of my left wrist nearly severed, and was for about nine months that I had no use of my hand, and tried other liniments, also doctors, and was receiving no benefit. By a persuasion from a friend I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and used one bottle which completely cured me, and have been using MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family ever since and find it the same as when I first used it, and would never be without it.

ISAAC E. MANN, Metapedia, P. Q.
Aug. 31st, 1908.

Stayed With His Pal

The story of a brave Saskatchewan lad is thus told: "One Canadian doctor, with his assistant," had worked all through the bombardment at a field-dressing station close behind the front line, and near the Cumberland dug-outs where Colonel Shaw died. He was a ship's doctor from Vancouver who had made many voyages to Honolulu and across the Pacific before coming out to the great adventure in France. Of his assistant I knew nothing except that he was a brave fellow who did not think of his own danger because he could help other men. When the Germans came across neither of these two doctors, deserted his post, but 'carried on' to the last moment, bandaging the wounded who lay about them."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Overrated German Efficiency

German efficiency will be less made in the future. Its limitations are as obvious as those of an analytical conclusion. It solves a given problem, working from premises laid down, but it is baffled by the unexpected and lacks imagination to foresee new conditions. It sees narrowly in a straight line, and when deflected by unconsidered obstacles, which imagination might have provided for, it is like a locomotive off the track.—New York Times.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure which is entirely safe to use and certain and satisfactory in its action.

It was several days after arriving home from the front that the soldier with the two broken ribs was sitting up and smoking a cigar, when the doctor came in. "Well, how are you feeling now?" asked the latter. "I've had a stitch in my side all day," replied the wounded soldier. "That's all right," said the doctor. "It shows the bones are knitting."

An American tells of a visit to a Zoo in Ireland on which occasion he was much interested in a solitary seal. Turning to one of the keepers, the American asked, as he pointed to the solitary beast, "Where's his mate?" "He has no mate, sor," responded the Celt. "We just feed him on fish."

The Women's Suffrage Society in London have offered to take over the street cleaning of the city owing to the shortage of labor.

Ruth—Trust her! You surely don't think she could keep a secret? Matilda—Well, I've trusted her with other things, and she kept them.

The Salvation of France

How Germany Has Tried to Eliminate France as a European Power

One of the German aims in this war was to eliminate France as a European power. The first attempt was foiled by the battle of the Marne.

The second attempt was foiled by the defeat of the attempt to break the French, British, and Belgian line and march to Calais. The third attempt was foiled by the heroic defense of Verdun.

If the attempt had been successful, it was hoped that France would have become a mere vassal of Germany, like Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria. The last attempt was made in a spirit of revenge. If France would not submit, France must be smashed.

France has played her own part with magnificent heroism, and has been loyally helped by her allies. Thus a great work has been done, not only for France, but for Europe, and for the world.

We cannot afford to lose France. The world needs all its national types and especially it needs France which has been and is, one of the foremost civilizing agencies of the world. The world would have been infinitely poorer if France had been either destroyed or dominated by Germany.

That does not mean that Germany has not its own contribution to make to civilization. The tremendous blunder of the crime of the misleaders of Germany was the conspiracy to destroy civilization and upon its ruin to build a temple for the worship of Prussian tyranny.

But if this conspiracy is defeated we may hope for a new order, in which every national type will be preserved, every national virtue and every national genius encouraged. All nations will co-operate for the common good of humanity, and for the development of a type of humanity nobler than the world has ever seen.—Toronto Star.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of H. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Calaris that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON.

(SEAL) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Russian Trade With Canada

All calculations suggest that large trade between Canada and Russia will be developed immediately after the war. This commerce will be of great interest to Vancouver, as it should pass through this port. In the last year the foreign commerce through the port of Seattle has doubled, the record of any previous year, and most of the increase is due to trade with Vladivostok. It is not forgotten that some of the trade was lost to Vancouver because there were no cranes and other equipment here to handle some of the heavy pieces. We believe that a good deal of the freight shipped to Siberia through Seattle originates in Canada. After the war it should be arranged that freight shipped to Russia from Canada under preferential arrangements will go by way of Canadian ports if they are able to take care of it.—Vancouver News-Advertiser.

A Sure Corrective of Flatulency.

When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gases causing pains and oppression in the stomach region. The belching or eructation of these gases is offensive and the only way to prevent them is to restore the stomach to proper action. Paramelee's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet and a course of them taken systematically is certain to effect a cure.

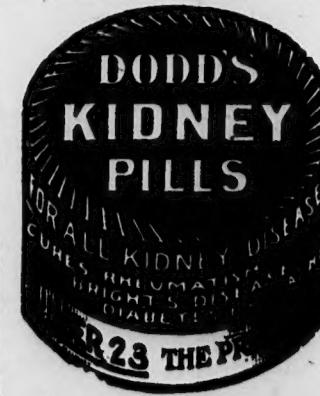
A Prevalent Sin

Private Doherty was six feet four in his socks; his sergeant was about a foot shorter. The sergeant looked along the line. "Head up, there Doherty!" he cried. Doherty raised his head. "Higher!" said the little sergeant. "There, that's better! Don't let me see your head down again!"

"Am I to be always like this?" asked Doherty, staring above the little sergeant's head.

"You are."

"Thin I'll say good-bye to ye, sergeant dear, for I'll never see ye again in this world."



"NERVILINE" STOPS EARACHE IN 10 SECONDS CURES TOOTHACHE IN 2 MINUTES

It Seems to Possess Almost Some Divine Power Over Pain

RUB ON NERVILINE

Toothache is usually due to neuralgia in the gums or to the congestion and swelling of the nerve pulp.

As "Nerviline" relieves congestion, you can easily see why it cures toothache.

Nerviline does more—cures any ache or pain—in any part of the body.

It matters not where your pain is. It may be in a joint or muscle; it may be neuralgia or lumbago; it may be a surface pain is deeply situated in the back, side or chest. Nerviline will reach it; Nerviline will drive it out.

What is Nerviline, you ask? Just a liniment, but very much stronger in pain-subduing power than other liniments—one that penetrates more deeply in the tissue than any other liniment. It is a liniment that cures quickly, that gives permanent relief.

You might spend ten or a hundred dollars, but you couldn't buy as much relief as you get from a single bottle of Nerviline.

We guarantee Nerviline; we refund your money if it does not relieve you.

In many lands it is a household trust, a remedy that has justified itself under the experience of those who have used it. Guaranteed for neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, pleurisy, strains or sprains; the large 50 cent family size bottle is more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Dealers everywhere sell Nerviline, or direct from The Catarrozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

A Good Scout

Work of the Boy Scout Movement Among the Boys of Saskatchewan

Of many trusts that have been made in the last half century at superstition and ignorance, the Boy Scout movement is one of the most effective as it is also one of the most recent.

To be a "good scout" means much the same thing as it once meant to be a noble champion of the lists—only it means more. The knight of old had nothing more to fight than an occasional dragon; he had only to break into a stone castle to find his beautiful princess awaiting him. The scout, however, has to conquer himself.

To speak honorably, to live bravely, to act helpfully, to be friendly to all; to be discourteous to none, to be cheerful, to smile and whistle in the face of every difficulty, to live bravely, to think, speak and act cleanly—these are the ten commandments of the good scout, the energizing precepts of clean living and wholesome this king.

That the Boy Scouts of Saskatchewan are "good scouts" who strive to live up to the principles is fully attested by the place they have taken and are continuing to take in the public service of our country. Though not a military organization in any sense of the term it is significant that over 150 scout officers and senior scouts who were active in boy scout work at the beginning of the war are now on active service.

On account of age, the majority, of course, have been forced to remain at home. But ever these have striven to uphold the name of the organization. Some of the troops have given the recruiting agencies splendid assistance. Red Cross societies the country over have had the assistance of the Boy Scouts in their activities. On many occasions they have acted as orderlies at the various functions under the auspices of Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. At the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Convention held in Saskatoon in March they were much in evidence acting as guides and messengers. They themselves by their own subscriptions, by holding concerts and displays—one troop by killing gophers and cleaning stables!—have raised during the past year hundreds of dollars for various patriotic causes other than their own. And so the record might be written, almost to no end, of the hundreds of public duties which have been assumed by the little fellows in khaki.

To make every boy in Saskatchewan a "good scout" is, then, the aim of the organization which, during the past year, has been working in the province. Augustus H. Ball as Provincial Commissioner and Frank C. Irwin as Provincial Secretary are the two men who are giving energy to the movement, and in spite of difficulties these men and their many loyal assistants are meeting from day to day, the province is being thoroughly organized into districts and the boys are everywhere being made acquainted with the purposes and aims of the association.

Contrary to a commonly accepted opinion the organization is not a military one. Indeed, it is opposed to militarism though it responds to the call of duty whenever it may be heard. It is, however, and educational propaganda with the training of the boy's whole nature as its aim. The great war of the immediate future is that struggle for commercial and industrial success which will follow the present European conflict, one which will demand leadership, resourcefulness, sterling character, high ideals, practical minds and honest endeavor.

That war will last for a quarter of a century and, in the words of Baden-Powell, the founder of the Boy Scouts organization, "will be won by the country whose citizens are then the best equipped in spirit and in ability to the great work." The Boy Scout movement is an organized endeavor to grasp for our growing youth a great national opportunity.

The Saskatchewan Headquarters of the Boy Scouts Association is on the second floor of the Y. M. C. A. Building, Regina and to that address all requests for information re the formation of local associations and troops should be sent.

First Philosopher—Of course every young man thinks he'd be perfectly happy if he could only have his own way!

Second Philosopher—Yes, and the older he grows the happier he is to think that he didn't have it!

Canadians Burning Forests Too Fast

Carelessness With Fire Going to Cost Canada \$7,200,000 More This Year Than Last

In war time and while many interests are urging thrift and economy, the Canadian people are burning up their created resources at a much greater rate this year than last, is the statement which appears in a bulletin issued by the conservation commission.

For the first five months of 1916 the fire loss in Canada has exceeded that of January to May in 1915 by approximately \$3,000,000 or \$600,000 per month, says the bulletin. At this rate of increase our fire losses shall exceed that of 1915 by \$7,200,000.

Canada has need of all her financial resources. She is borrowing money to carry on the war and is paying five per cent interest thereon. The additional fire losses of 1916 would therefore pay the interest charges on the recent war loan of \$100,000,000 and would pay \$2,200,000 of the principal. Canada's average annual fire loss of over \$23,000,000 would pay five

International Stock Food

We have a large stock of International Stock Food, Tonic, Condition Powders, Etc., for Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Poultry. Something for every animal, sick or well.

Now is a good time to stock up with Newcastle Coal

while it can be bought. The scarcity of miners is going to make coal very hard to buy this winter. BUY NOW.

McClaine-Wrigglesworth Company, Ltd.
DIDSBURY, - - ALBERTA

Didsbury's

14th ANNUAL

Exhibition

Sept. 7th & 8th, 1916

Visitors' Day, September 8th

Larger and Better Than Ever. Good Music

Well protected grounds for children, and good seats overlooking the prize ring to accommodate the crowd

Free hay and water on the grounds
for Stock Exhibitors

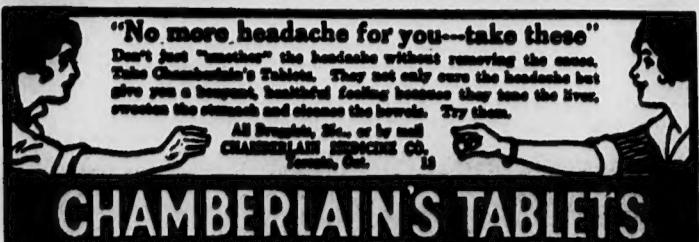
The Dominion Agricultural College Exhibit in special tent will be both interesting and educational

The Large and Popular

Band of the 182nd Regiment
Will Provide the Music

WM. RUPP, PARKER R. REED,
President Secretary-Treasurer

NOTE—Entries will be accepted till 8 p.m., on September 7



CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

AROUND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 3)

Mr. B. P. Dick of Edmonton has been visiting in town for the last few days.

The annual picnic of the Union Sunday School of Knox church was to have been held at Innis lake on Wednesday but owing to the weather being unfavorable it had to be postponed.

J. V. Berscht's store will be closed all day Friday to give the employees opportunity to prepare for the big sale which will begin Saturday morning. The stocks will be re-arranged and every article remarked. J. V. promises a sale that will eclipse anything of the sort ever held in this town.

The only daughter (Minnie) of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roeth is very ill with heart trouble. Mr. Roeth, who is a member of the 113th Batt., was called home on Saturday to see his daughter. It is to be hoped that the little girl will pull through, and the anxious parents have the sympathy of the community in their trouble.

Rev. D. C. Eby and Mrs. Eby of Didsbury, have accepted an invitation to hold a missionary meeting at the Davenport schoolhouse on Sunday afternoon, August 20th. They will be dressed in native costume and will tell of life in Turkey and of how they made their escape from that land, four months after the present war had started. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Manitoba wheat crop is even smaller than earlier lowest estimate, in fact, according to competent authorities, it has been the worst season in years. In several districts the wheat will not be worth cutting owing to rust and insects, especially in the Morden and Clearwater districts where it will probably be burned. The blight is general throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and the Northern States according to Hon. V. Winkler, Minister of Agriculture in Manitoba.

Haying is pretty general throughout the district at present, the fine hot weather of the last three or four days helping out considerably. It is hard to size up the grain situation exactly in this district. Some farmers stating that they are very little behind last year's crop at this time while others say that they are from two to three weeks later. However, if the present fine weather continues it will make a wonderful difference in the situation. So far as the Pioneer is informed there are no signs of rust in this district.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that Mrs. May Burrell, my wife, having left my home, bed and board, without just cause that I will not be responsible in any way for any bills that she may contract, or any debts which she may incur.

W.M. BURRELL

WAIT AND SEE

Dr. M. Mecklenburg

THE OLD RELIABLE

GRADUATE OPTICIAN

32 years experience. 12 years in Alberta will again be at Olds, on Friday, August 18th

CALGARY OFFICE PHONE M1121

EDMONTON OFFICE, WILLIAMSON BUILDING. PHONE 5225

Lost, Strayed or Estray ads. \$1 for four insertions in the Pioneer--they bring results.

NOTICE

In the matter of the Court of Confirmation of the Tax Enforcement Return of the Rural Municipality of Westerdale No. 311.

Take notice that his Honor Judge Winter, Judge of the District Court of Calgary, has appointed Wednesday, the Fourth day of October, 1916, at Ten-thirty o'clock in the forenoon, in the Courthouse of Didsbury, for the holding of the Court of Confirmation to confirm the Tax Enforcement Return of the Rural Municipality of Westerdale No. 311.

Dated at Didsbury this 29th day of July, 1916.

A. MCNAUGHTON, Sec.-Treas.



King Hiram Lodge No. 21, A.F.&A.M.
Meets every Tuesday evening on or before full moon. All visiting brethren welcome.

W. G. LIESEMER, J. R. GOOD,
Secretary. W. M.



DIDSBURY LODGE NO. 18, I.O.O.F.
Meets in Oddfellows Hall, Didsbury, every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock sharp. Visiting Oddfellows always welcome.

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Dental Surgeon
Office opposite Rosebud Hotel, Osler street. Business Phone 120
Didsbury - - Alberta



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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Graduate University of Manitoba
Late senior house surgeon of St. Michael's hospital, Newark, N. J.
Office and residence: One block west of Union Bank.
PHONE 128
DIDSURY, - - ALBERTA

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.
THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased home in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G., Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B. — Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

You need not send away for that printing, the Pioneer office is well equipped for the work.

\$5.00 REWARD

Strayed, 2-year-old red steer, branded 6 F on right ribs, from west of Didsbury. Notify R. B. MARTIN, Banff.